

Office Woes

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Office Woes

by [Quiet_Shadow](#)

Summary

Sentinel doesn't mind having sex with the Magnus. Not so much. But he could really do without the old mech latest fetish. What was it he found so attracting about female organic coverage, anyway?

Notes

Inspired by one of my old prompt on the tfanonkink community:
<http://tfanonkink.livejournal.com/7561.html?thread=8282761#t8282761>

Fic also posted here: <http://tfanonkink.livejournal.com/11556.html?thread=13391652#t13391652>

Pairings: Ultra Magnus/Sentinel Prime, and future Ultra Magnus/Sentinel Prime/Optimus Prime in the last part.

Will contain, depending on parts: lingerie, sex at work, dubcon, mutual masturbation, first time, oral, spanking,...

Lot of thanks to Dellessa for the beta on this part :)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

This was nothing short of embarrassing, and Sentinel couldn't help but dread someone entering the room and finding them - finding him! - in this position. What would bots say? Most likely, that he got his position by sleeping with his superiors, which is perfectly false. He was named sub-commander of the Elite Guard solely on his merits and straight adhesion to the rules. Not by sleeping his way to the top, like some other people.

Still, even he would have to admit that being seen in the Magnus' laps, obviously being intimate with the big bot, would look suspicious. That wasn't, however, the part Sentinel dreaded the most, no. What he feared more than anything was the idea someone could enter and see him like... like this! Garbed in strange organic styled coverages! Female organic-styled coverage, at that!

He didn't know how the Magnus had had access to them, and he didn't care. Not really. The only reason he did, a little, was because of the increasing collection of 'lingerie articles' the Magnus seemed to have. In itself, it could have been an harmless hobby. A strange one, but harmless. Except, the Magnus seemed to have become quite... fixated on making Sentinel wears each piece of his precious collection. The Prime had since long lost count of the panties, tanga, thongs and whatever those 'undergarments' were called he had been forced to wear to please his superior.

Technically, Sentinel supposed he could have said 'no'. Except, was the Magnus going to take a refusal well? Sentinel doubted it. Of course, perhaps old Ultra wouldn't have blamed him, and had him demoted or transferred him on a repair crew far from Cybertron like Optimus (which, to Sentinel's optics, was the worse thing that could happen to his career) so he could be sure Sentinel wouldn't tattletales about his little fetish. But perhaps not. There was no way to know for sure. So Sentinel endured humiliation after humiliation... and interfacing session after interfacing session. For an old model, the Magnus was... energetic for sure.

The interface, if he was honest with himself, he wasn't against. But the obligatory use of 'lingerie' to fuel the old mech's fantasies...

It was very humiliating, Sentinel decided as he put on a pair of garters. At least, he groused mentally, the Magnus let him choose what to wear most of the time. Unless he had just received some new pairs he really wanted Sentinel to try on immediately. As he put the garters into place and clipped the lacy suspenders that would link them to the basque he was wearing, he took the time to watch himself into the large mirror the Magnus had put for him in the little cabinet attached to his office.

Sentinel scowled at his reflection. Why did things like this kept happening to him? Critically, he peered at the image in the mirror and at himself.

Since the Magnus had let him choose what he wanted to wear for that part of the cycle, he had wanted to chose something more... neutrally colored and far more covering. He still shuddered when he thought about the thing the Magnus had called a 'microkini'. That thing had barely covered his bare valve, and let his spike cover totally exposed... Brr! Because yes, the Magnus insisted he had to let his panel completely open underneath the fabric he put on, making the 'lingerie' the only things between him and walking around with his interface components completely bare. So 'microkini' were his personal bane.

He had no great love for thongs either, but the Magnus did. They were his favorites, so most of the time, it was what Sentinel had to wear. Himself, he would have rather preferred the bikini, who were far more covering and thus didn't make him feel as exposed. Barely. Whoever had sent the

Magnus those racy things had recently sent a couple of new ones, just in Sentinel's size (and he wasn't going to think too much about that, least he would feel sick or paranoid). But the Magnus had been clear: as much as he wanted Sentinel to feel at 'ease' for their little games, the Prime had to follow some of the Magnus's priorities. It translated thus: first the tanga and thongs, then the bikini. As such, it reduced Sentinel's first choice greatly.

Still, he had actually found something that pleased him enough to wear and not feel too mortified. First, he had selected a thong, but one that covered his interface components sufficiently. It was golden in color, which wasn't bad against Sentinel's blue armor, and the sides were made of little precious white gems, glittering in the light. The front part of the thong looked like a large bow, which Sentinel supposed would appeal to the Magnus. For some reason, Ultra Magnus loved bows. The model wasn't bad; actually, if it had covered his backside a bit more, Sentinel could have almost genuinely liked it...

He shook his head. No, there was no way he was ever going to like lingerie!

Thong chosen, he had tried to find a good torso garments. Sentinel didn't care much for the difference between corsets, bodices, basques, bustiers, torsolettes, camisoles or babydolls. He really didn't. Insufferable things, the lot of them. Still, he found one in the same golden hue of the thong he had selectionned before, bodice full of arabesques, the lower rim adorned with ribbons put in small bows, with a larger one at the top, falling partly upon the bustier. The garters had come as an afterthought, because, well, if he needed to dress up to play the 'sexy secretary bot' for the Magnus, he could as well put them on to complete the older, bigger mech's fantasies. Ultra Magnus loved make them slide down his legs along with the panties when he cornered Sentinel and... He wasn't going to think about that right now.

So, the garters. He had tried to find a not too fancy pair, and had finally settled for one with a simple design, representing organic plants in bloom, still in the matching golden hues of the rest of his 'costume'.

All in one, he decided, it wasn't too bad. Of course, he would have been happier had he not had to put the fragging things on, but at least, he had some say in the matter...

"Sentinel? Well?" The Magnus called from his office, sounding slightly impatient. Sure enough, Sentinel checked his chronometer and had to grimace when he saw he had been in here since the better part of a megacycle.

"I'm coming, Sir," he called back, vents working hard as he steeled himself and went out of the cabinet. He didn't look directly at the Magnus as he fumbled with the door lock, closing the door so he wouldn't be detectable by someone who didn't already know of its existence.

Slowly, he turned on his heels, casting his optics downward and nervously putting his hands behind his back, shuffling uneasily in place, giving the impression of a timid young thing - which, admittedly, he was. Shy, at least, though more humiliated than shy. But Ultra Magnus liked those little acts. It helped him get more... revved up.

"You wanted to see me, Sir?" he asked, softly, glancing quickly at the Magnus' face.

The older mech was looking at Sentinel up and down appreciatively. "I did. We have lot to work on, Sentinel. I have some messages to transmit to the rest of the Commonwealth. Would you mind taking note and redacting them?"

Sentinel gave a thin smile. "Of course not, Sir. It's my job, after all," he said almost bashfully, striding towards the chair facing the Magnus' desk, and settling in as comfortably as he could,

trying to decide if he should cross his legs or part them as to give the Magnus a good look at his outfit. He decided to part them slightly, for now. At the appreciative and lustful look he saw in the Magnus' optics, he knew he had made the 'right' choice.

"I'm listening, Sir. What would those important messages be?" he asked in a dulcet voice, taking a pad and a pen out of subspace, as Ultra Magnus leaned back in his chair, devouring him with his gaze. Sentinel forced himself to smile as his spark gave a throb.

Now, the only question was, how long the Magnus was going to last before pushing him down to the floor or against a wall to have his wicked ways with him...

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Just how did Sentinel and the Magnus 'liaison' started, anyway? Well...

Chapter Notes

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Pairing: Ultra Magnus/Sentinel Prime

This part should contain: lingerie, sex at work, dubcon, mutual masturbation, first time

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Sir?”

The incredulous voice took Ultra Magnus by surprise, and the Autobot Commander released the handle he had on his spike. Looking up, he saw Sentinel Prime at the door of his office, a stack of datapad in hands, looking at him open-mouthed in disbelief. His grip on the datapads relaxed, and several of them fell to the floor without the blue mech making a single gesture to stop them.

Obviously, seeing his Supreme Commander masturbating at his desk had deeply shaken him.

Trying to appear calm and collected, the Magnus spoke. “Sentinel,” the Prime saluted, letting all the datapads he still had drop, “please enter the room and lock the door behind you.” The Prime almost stumbled but did as he was told.

As Ultra rose from his seat, Sentinel tried to avert his gaze, becoming quite fascinated with the floor as he babbled. “I’m sorry, Sir, so sorry! They told me you didn’t want to be disturbed but I had reports from the colonies you absolutely needed to see on supposed Decepticons activities and I thought it couldn’t wait and as the sub-commander of Elite Guard I thought it was my duty to make sure you were informed as soon as possible and...”

“Sentinel,” the Magnus cut him out, stopping the flow of words from the flustered Prime. “When I said I didn’t want to be disturbed, it meant by no one. But you’re forgiven,” he added. “I’m sure you thought you were doing well, and that’s the most important.” The Prime’s shoulders sagged in relief. “However, I would like you to not repeat that incident.”

“Of course, Sir. I wouldn’t dream of that!” Which was true. He had never enjoyed watching another mech... ‘relieve himself of some tension’, as old Kup Minor had put it when Sentinel had complained to him about the mechs and femmes going at it in the common washracks after training. Then he had participated, because Elita had proposed they join the fun. That they banged

their fellow mech and friend, Optimus had been enticing enough at the time to make it worth it, and he hadn't complained further. But that didn't mean he didn't feel unease at seeing someone self-servicing, even if it was the Magnus in his private office.

By the way, why did the old mech, who Sentinel had always pinged as having no interface life left, masturbate in his office? It wasn't in his habits, or Sentinel would have noticed before. So something must have happened. He glanced at the Magnus' desk, taking in the strange display. It looked like pieces of fabrics, but of a sort Sentinel was unfamiliar with. There were three pieces of fabric, one black in a triangular form and two pink rather elongated.

"Sir? What is it?" he asked nonplussed.

The Magnus glanced at what he was watching and broke into a large smile.

"That, my dear Sentinel, is what the humans on Earth call 'lingerie'. Those are undergarments they wear under another layer of 'clothes' to protect their bodies. I arranged to have some made in our species' size. Pretty, don't you think?" he said as he went to his desk and brought back the triangular thing in his hands, handing it to Sentinel for closer inspection.

So it was of organic origin! The thought alone almost made Sentinel drop the offending 'undergarment', but seeing how religiously the Magnus had put it in his hands, he guessed his first reaction wouldn't be welcome. So he forced himself to smile and examined the fabric more closely. Sure enough, it looked like some kind of triangle, with a little bow to decorate. However, there were holes in the fabric: one very large one, and two smaller. There was also two length of what seemed to be elastic hanging from the sides. He pulled a bit at the thing; to his surprise, it was extendible. Curious.

Raising his head, he crossed the Magnus' optics. Sentinel swallowed dryly; there was a light in them he didn't quite like as the old mech watched him. Politely, he spoke.

"That's... peculiar, Sir," he said neutrally. There was a lot of things he could say about that 'undergarment' thing, none very nice. But if the Magnus liked them, then Sentinel couldn't outright claim his hate, right?

The Magnus nodded. "It is, isn't it? Since I discovered them..." he paused, seeming lost in his thought. "It had some effect on me, I must say. I hadn't thought about interfacing in vorns, and ever since I discovered those 'panties', I'm devoured by desire. Who would have thought?" he chuckled. Sentinel restrained from commenting. Suddenly, he didn't want to hold the black fabric anymore, but he couldn't just hand it back to the Magnus.

Ultra watched the Prime intently. "Tell me, Sentinel... how about you try them on?" he asked, startling the Prime.

"Sir? But...!" he sputtered.

"You, after all, interrupted a rather... private time, and I want some compensation. So would you mind putting them on for me to see, Sentinel?" he asked, and it wasn't quite a question, at least not to the Prime.

He gulped nervously. "Of course not, Sir." He looked at the thing in his hands. "But... I'm not sure how," he muttered.

Ultra Magnus laughed. "There," he said as he took a step closer to Sentinel. "Let me help you," he added as he took the 'panties' from Sentinel and knelt before the Prime. Calmly, he took one of

Sentinel's pedes and put it through two of the holes - the larger one and one of the smaller. He then did the same thing with the other pedes, before starting to pull the fabric up.

Very still, frozen in shock and humiliation, Sentinel felt the Magnus's fingers and the fabric move along his calves, then his legs and finally his thighs before Ultra Magnus adjusted the damn things on his hips even as he felt something touching his between the legs. Sentinel looked down. There it was now. The panties were hugging his frame closely, a black triangular shape covering part of his lower torso as well as his backside. Both triangles were linked by narrow bands of fabric, with some tulle edging the bands. The pink bow he had noticed was now sticking out proudly in front of the Prime. The two elastics he had noticed before were hanging limply on his thighs.

The Magnus looked at him with an expression Sentinel had never seen him with before. Suddenly, he was even more aware of the fact that the old mech's spike was still out and apparently half-erected by his earlier ministrations. He felt a vague sense of panic at the idea.

The Magnus had stepped back and eyed him almost... hungrily. "Nice. Very nice. How does it feel, Sentinel?" he asked.

"... not too bad, Sir," the Prime answered. Which was true. As much as he thought the whole thing ridiculous at best, the contact of the fabric didn't feel bad.

The Magnus smiled. "That's good. How about we put on the rest, then?" he asked, and without waiting for an answer, he went back to his desk to get the other two fabric pieces Sentinel had noticed before. He handed them to the Prime with a funny smile Sentinel tried not to dwell on. Instead, he examined the two things he had been given. It was nothing like the panties he was now wearing.

"What are those?" Sentinel asked dubiously. The pink mesh didn't look like anything, and he held it suspiciously between two fingers, peering at it with distrust.

"Stockings," the Magnus answered easily. "You need to put your pedes in and pull them up 'til they reach your thighs. Then you hold them in place with the garters," he explained his second, who looked very nonplussed.

"Garters?" Ultra smiled and took out something out of subspace that he gave Sentinel. The Prime looked at them with a frown. It looked like narrow bands of a light, fluffy fabric. They weren't even two inches in width, and were of a bright pink color. He frowned even more. "Sir? Are you... are you really sure you want me to put that on?" he asked, his reluctance almost tangible.

"I do," Ultra confirmed, voice hard, allowing no arguments. His body language relaxed slightly and he became far more amiable when he saw Sentinel's trying to figure how to put the fragging things on. "Let me help you," he said gently, pushing Sentinel down to sit on one of the chair he reserved to visitors. He knelt before his subordinate and quietly took one of his pedes in his hand, starting to put on the light fabric of the stocking over it.

He processed slowly, enjoying the act of putting them on Sentinel, and taking his time to glance amorously at the panties-clad lower torso of the younger mech. He fastened the first garter as well, carefully showing Sentinel how to do it himself for the second, and helping him clip the suspenders that would stop the legs garments from falling down. The Prime's face was becoming redder and redder, though he didn't said anything against what he was going through. He just looked nervously at the Magnus from times to times, and seemed to try to steel himself.

Impulsively, Ultra kissed him on the top of his helm, startling him. "Sir?" he asked. Ultra Magnus took a step back and looked at him with critical optics.

“Hmm... There’s something missing...” he muttered. his optics looked up and down at Sentinel for a while, before his optics brightened. “Of course. Sentinel,” he said, “open your interface panel, please.”

“S... Sir!” Sentinel sputtered.

“It’s for authenticity, Sentinel,” the Magnus argued. “Panties of any kind are normally only the first layer of clothing protecting the lower torso. As such, they are directly hiding the organic genital organs. I would like to see them in such fashion... if you don’t mind, of course,” he said, giving Sentinel a pointed stare.

The Prime nervously gulped. “I... Of... of course not, Sir! But...” his cheeks took a red hinge. “It’s very embarrassing...” he pleaded, catching the Magnus’ optics desperately.

Ultra put his hands on Sentinel’s shoulders in a friendly way. “There’s nothing to be ashamed of, Sentinel Prime. We’re alone. Just you and me. I will never laugh at you. And it’s not like I have never see some of my fellow Autobots more... intimate parts,” he said with what he thought was an encouraging smile. “Please,” he asked again. “Do it for me.”

Flushing, the Prime dimmed his optics, took a deep breath and the tell-tale sound of a panel sliding aside went loudly into the otherwise silent room.

“There,” the Magnus whispered appreciatively. “All done.”

Taking a step back, he observed the younger mech who, out of shyness (and shame, the Magnus wasn’t blind), had quickly crossed his hands over his too exposed lower torso. He shouldn’t have bothered, for the fabric was dense and high enough to hide most of what was to hide. Still, Ultra didn’t mind. He slowly circled his subordinate, taking in the smallest details. The way the slim panties clung to Sentinel’s frame, subtly hiding his valve and spike cover (though Ultra could distinguish the shape of the spike housing, which made his engine revved a little); the way the stockings traced optics-catching patterns along the Prime delightful legs, further highlighted by the pink, fluffy garters. More enticing even were the little pink bows on the suspenders fixating the stockings in place. The Magnus had to restrain himself from playing with them right away. Sentinel’s cheeks were slightly colored and he carefully averted his superior’s optics.

All in all, it was... charming. Better than in his dreams. Who would have thought Sentinel could look so enticing in lingerie articles?

“Perfect,” the Magnus whispered. “It’s like they were made for you.” Which, technically, was true; when ordering them from Swindle, the Magnus had more or less given Sentinel’s measures... but only because he had been in his line-of-sight when he started calling the merchant. Not because he had already planned to have the Prime subjected to his little... fantasies.

Calmly, Ultra headed back to his desk and sat down comfortably in his chair, still eyeing Sentinel’s with obvious interest... and lust. Hmm, those panties really made him notice just how fragging hot his second could be. He stroked his spike lightly, almost absently as he eyed the bows on Sentinel’s garters. The movement seemed to have drawn Sentinel’s optics, who licked his lips nervously. Ultra had to smile at the sight.

“Would you mind coming sitting with me, Sentinel?” he asked softly.

“Sir?” Sentinel asked in surprise and barely hidden panic. “It wouldn’t proper! I can’t...!”

“Of course you can, Sentinel,” the Magnus cut him out. “We’re alone. There’s nobody to care

about what is ‘proper’ here,” he cajoled the blue mech. “Please, come nearer.” He didn’t want to have to make it an order, but he would, if he needed to. Sentinel seemed to understand that because he slowly made his way to his superior’s desk, stopping a few steps away from the chair, clearly hesitating to come closer.

His optics kept glancing uneasily between the Magnus’ legs. Visibly, the Magnus half-erected spike wasn’t putting him at ease. Ultra felt no irritation at that; in fact, he rather felt amusement. Sentinel’s sudden bashfulness, so at odds with the braggart attitude he usually sported, was very welcome and made the Prime even more enticing.

“Come on. Sit on my lap,” he encouraged the Prime who, cheeks burning, reluctantly did so, trying to not touch the Magnus’ spike as he did so. Gently, Ultra helped him sit down comfortably, putting an arm around his waist and gently caressed him under the chin with the other. Sentinel, his hands in his lap, shuffled uncomfortably, rubbed the smooth material of his newly acquired panties against the Magnus’ frame, which pleased the older mech. Lightly, as to not scare the Prime, Ultra’s arm around the younger mech moved, so his hand reposed on the Prime’s thigh. Deftly, his fingers started to play with the little pink bow adorning the suspender, while the other continued to caress Sentinel’s chin.

The Prime shuddered but didn’t pull away. Still, his hands went to obviously protect his groin area, crossing over it and pressing close. Ultra had to smile at the display. His hand moved from the suspender to rest against Sentinel’s own. Slowly, insistently, he hit them with his index, silently indicating he wanted access. After a few joors, and seeing the Magnus was about to say something, Sentinel reluctantly put his hands away from his crotch and, gulping, put them on Ultra’s hips. It made the Magnus smile at him benignly. Still silent, his hands started to play with the small bow on the front of Sentinel’s panties.

Just as the Prime started to relax, the Magnus gave him a wicked smile and his hand dug under the panties, cupping Sentinel’s bare interface components.

“Si... humph!” Sentinel tried to protest, just as Ultra’s hand under his chin forced him to tip his head upward, just in time for the Magnus’ mouth to cover his in an insistent, hungry kiss. Sentinel tensed and tried to pull away, but the Magnus’ arm around his waist holding him firmly in place, and his handle on the Prime’s chin never wavered. The Magnus’ hold around his waist shifted, and the big mech pulled Sentinel closer to him.

To the Prime’s utter fright, it put him in direct contact with the Magnus’ half-erected spike, which pressed against his thigh insistently. He moaned under the kiss, trying to pull away again. This time, the Magnus let go of his chin, but looked at Sentinel intently.

“Is something wrong, Sentinel?” he asked, looking nonplussed by the Prime’s reaction. The hand cupping Sentinel’s private parts shifted as fingers reached for his valve.

“Sir! Please!” he said, looking slightly panicked. “We... we can’t...!”

“Why is that, Sentinel? You’re obviously not unwilling,” he said as he slide a forefinger into the Prime’s valve, making him shudder. “So why shouldn’t we? Do you not find me...aesthetically pleasing enough?” he asked seriously, hiding his amusement. Of course, he knew it wasn’t the main reason behind the Prime’s reluctance. But he was having too much fun as it was at seeing his officer squirm and struggle with a diplomatic answer.

“O... of course not, Sir! You’re certainly one of the most... handsome specimen I ever put my optics on!” he said quickly. “Actually, you’re the most handsome mech on Cybertron,” he added even more quickly, trying to flatter the Magnus’ ego. “It’s just... I... I can’t just do that, Sir!

Interfacing with a superior officer is against the rules, and...!”

“There’s actually nothing in the Autobot Code about what we’re doing,” the Magnus commented. “As the Elite Guard sub-commander, I’m your only direct superior. You currently at the highest rank you can hold, barring of course the title of Governor in one of our colonies. Which means you have nothing to win from ‘facing with me, and nobody can accuse you of sleeping your way to the top,” he said with a naughty smile.

His finger came out of Sentinel’s valve and his hand went to tease the Prime’s spike housing, making him moan. “You’re a beautiful mech, Sentinel. I have noticed for a long time. Very long, in fact. I enjoy watching you. You have haunted several of my recharge cycles.” Which was true, in a way. But not since as long as his words let suppose. He had only truly started to think of Sentinel as an interface partner since he had discovered Earth. But that, Sentinel didn’t need to know. “I have been thinking about you for a while. But never before I have felt the need, the desire to act on those impulses I felt. I want you, Sentinel,” he said with a lustful gaze at the stunned Prime. “I want to make you mine. Do you want me too, my Prime?” he asked.

There could only be one answer to this question from Sentinel, and Ultra Magnus knew that.

Sentinel was a loyal and dedicated soldier, but one who fancied his career and his authority more than he cared for the mechs under his command. Sentinel cared first and foremost for his reputation, having little time for friendships and relationships of any kind. He was, as humans said, ‘married to his job’. His sole goal in existence was to someday become the next Magnus, something Ultra had long known. This one ultimate promotion was the one thing that kept Sentinel going. Personally, Ultra didn’t know if Sentinel had what it took to be a good Magnus. He was far too impulsive, too reckless, not caring enough for the planet and its inhabitants. He would alienated the population if he didn’t learnt of to deal with his temper and delusions of grandeur, as well as his phobias. As much as he understood why Sentinel’s fear of anything organic existed, the mech needed to learn to cope with it before he sent the planet toward a downward spiral. No. Sentinel, despite his dreams and wishes, wasn’t the ideal candidate to someday succeed Ultra. Still, Sentinel was still young and could still be taught and trained, his worst faults and flaws dealt with on some level. But for that, he would need to be carefully monitored... and he would need to stay in the Elite Guard.

But, could he stay in the Elite Guard if he refused to follow the Magnus every wish and command? Wouldn’t a refusal put him in a precarious position? Would the Magnus strip him of his rank and/or exile him if he didn’t play along the old mech very weird fetish? If he refused to interface with him, as the older mech clearly wished to? Ultra knew exactly what was going on in Sentinel’s CPU at this very moment.

So he knew Sentinel’s answer was already a given. He briefly felt bad for forcing his subordinate into such a position, but that didn’t last. Sentinel needed to be taught some humility. And Ultra would make sure he did... even if he had to frag him hard for that. Well, technically, the frag was a bonus... Okay, so the humility was a bonus, and Ultra Magnus rather looked forward having a lover who would have to keep his secrets, least he would be dragged down with him if his new, scandalous fetish was to be discovered.

“Of... of course, Sir,” the Prime staggered. “Me too... I want you...” he whispered uneasily, not sounding very sincere but clinging to the Magnus all the same. Ultra smiled triumphantly at his Prime.

“I knew you did,” he said. “Oh, Sentinel,” he sighed happily, kissing the Prime once again.

His hands started fondling the younger mech’s frame. Sentinel stiffened and tried to not wince as he

tried to maladroitly return the Magnus' affections. It earned him a very pleased hum, and he bashfully turned his gaze away from the Magnus' face. His optics landed, against his will, once again on the Magnus' half-erected spike and his mind went blank as he tried to imagine what it would give once fully pressurized. It already seemed large enough as it was... and if the Magnus wanted him, it meant he would... with this...

Ultra's fondling came to a stop as he noticed his Prime's fearful gaze. So, Sentinel was afraid of his girth? There was no reason to; he knew how to use it well and didn't like pain play. He had no intention to hurting Sentinel, ever. Quite the contrary, in fact, and he had every intention to prove it to the Prime, he thought, suppressing a leer. First he had to make the little mech more at ease with his anatomy. "Would you like to touch it, Sentinel?" he whispered hungrily. The Prime stared at him, obviously flustered by the mere idea. Ultra smiled gently at him. "Well?"

Sentinel gulped nervously. "I... of course, Sir," he stammered. Nervously, he reached for Ultra's spike, hand shaking slightly as he tried to wrap it up around the Magnus' length.

Ultra chuckled heartily, released Sentinel's chin and wrapped his own hand over Sentinel's own. "Like that," he said, slowly guiding their jointed hands in a pumping movement, making him moan softly while Sentinel gulped nervously, shifting uneasily on the Magnus' lap. The hand still in his panties cupping his open codpiece seemed to put him on edge.

Ultra didn't mind much. He was too busy trying to show Sentinel how to stroke him, and at what pace. "Good," he muttered lovingly at the Prime as he felt growing harder. "Very good."

He bent forward to kiss Sentinel again. He didn't try to get away, though he stiffened.

"So tense," the Magnus murmured as he broke the kiss. "That will not do. How about we tend to you?" he teased gently, getting a confused look in turn. "You stroke my spike, and I'll stroke yours in turn," he continued, the hand down in the Prime's panties gently rubbing over Sentinel's spike housing, feeling triumph when it started to expend just a little under his touch, making a slight bulge into Sentinel's panties. "Lovely," he cooed.

"Oooh," Sentinel moaned, "Sir..." He was gently shushed by Ultra, who wasn't in the mood for Sentinel's weak attempt at making him stop.

"No talking, Sentinel," he said with some finality. To emphasize his point, he kissed Sentinel a bit more roughly, putting his glossa into the Prime's mouth. Even as he was kissing his subordinate, he was releasing his hand, letting the Prime continue stroking him alone.

Perfect, he mused as he once again stopped the kiss, moaning softly. Sentinel was far more vocal, the touch to his spike making him quite loud, but the Magnus kind of like it. It made him feel quite flattered. His caresses on Sentinel's spike were having good, obvious results, he noticed, glancing down. Where there had only been a slight bulge before, Sentinel's interface rod was now starting to poke out from the panties. It made the Magnus' engine revved. Gently, he partly tugged down the panties, just enough to pull them below the Prime's spike housing, making Sentinel hiss as his member was totally free to extend.

Ultra Magnus shifted his hold and smiled. Perfect, or as close as it could be. He tried to picture the scene through the optics of a bystander: himself, sitting almost regally in his chair, his trusted second on his lap, caressing each other cables with one hand and kissing, Sentinel's arm around his neck to keep still, while the Magnus' arm was firmly laced around the Prime's waist, his hand playing with the fabric of the younger's mech panties.

That was almost enough to get him to overload. Almost. But as much as he liked a good handjob,

he wanted more. Sentinel was relaxing against him, which was good. That meant he could now go a bit further in his fantasies. He tugged the Prime's alluring panties a bit lower, so he could get a glimpse at the other mech prime little valve, and licked his lips as he saw the barest hint of a drop of lubricant pearl on the edge of it. Deliciously enticing.

Now, if he could get Sentinel to straddle him and bury himself to the hilt into the folds of the younger mech's very tempting valve... the thought alone was almost enough to make him come, but he managed to hold himself together.

He stopped stroking Sentinel, surprising the Prime, and put his hands over the other mech's hips, moving him so he would straddle both of the Magnus' laps. Their spikes inadvertently rubbed against each other as he did so, making both of them moan in tandem. Ultra could feel the fabric of the panties ruffling against the base of his own spike, and he savored the feeling as Sentinel tried to keep himself still in his new position, looking very nervous.

"That's alright, lover," Ultra said quietly, hands fondling Sentinel's aft as they dug under the panties. "Just thinking it's time for a change of pace."

"A... a change of pace, Sir?" Sentinel questioned softly, pressing his cheek against Ultra's chest and venting hard.

The Magnus nodded. "I want you, Sentinel. I want you now," he whispered lustfully as he yanked down the Prime's panties, giving him a good view of Sentinel's bare valve. Tentatively, he raised the Prime higher, intending to align him with his spike before entering him. Sentinel got in a panic.

"Sir! No!" he shouted, crossing his hands over his interface components. The Magnus frowned, displeased by the Prime's antics.

"And why is that, Sentinel?" he asked almost coldly.

The Prime's cheeks went red in embarrassment as he mumbled something inaudible, making the Magnus force him to repeat, but it wasn't clearer. The old mech frowned deeply as Sentinel carefully avoided to look at him in the optics. His hands were still defending his interface components... or rather, the lower of those components. Sentinel was paying no mind to his own spike, but the way he was putting his hands... And then he attempted to pull the panties up, despite his obvious disdain for the things. But panties could provide some cover. The Magnus' optics widened as he realized what his Prime was too embarrassed to say aloud.

"Sentinel... are you a valve-virgin?" the Magnus asked softly, trying to sound understanding and sympathetic. His mind, however, was racing with excitement. If Sentinel really was... it would be quite a treat. Sentinel gave a curt, shamed nod in acknowledgement of the question, cheeks burning. The Magnus' spark gave a throb and a drop of pale transfluid escaped his rigid shaft. He smiled brightly at his subordinate.

"That's... quite unexpected, but not an unwelcome news," he said lifting Sentinel's chin to kiss him with passion. "It will be a great honor for me to be your first," he added, making Sentinel gulp audibly. "Don't be afraid, I won't hurt you," he said softly as he took a good hold on the Prime and lifted him as he himself raised from his chair. Gently, he sat the Prime on the edge of his large desk and gently pushed him down so he would lay flat on his back on the sturdy surface.

Slowly, Ultra knelt, as to face Sentinel's valve. The Prime had managed to put the panties back on, and instead of yanking them down yet again, the Magnus just pushed aside the part covering the crotch, licking his lips as he stared hungrily at Sentinel's valve. Never breached before... a treat he would be the first and hopefully the only one to enjoy... He took hold of Sentinel's thighs, his

fingers intertwining with the stockings pink threads just under the garters, and he pulled Sentinel to him.

“Sir? What...?” he asked, obviously flustered and trying to sit down.

“Stay down, Sentinel,” Ultra ordered. “I’m just going to... prepare you a little,” he said, lifting his head enough to give the Prime a wink before diving back down between Sentinel’s spread legs and taking a lick at the other mech’s valve.

It made Sentinel gasp and wiggle. “Sir!” he called, but Ultra paid him no mind, instead focusing on mapping the Prime’s tight little valve with his mouth and glossa. Lubricant started to gush out of the small opening as he worked methodically, dipping his glossa inside the virgin valve. The panties’ smooth fabric was pressing against his face as he did so, and he could smell the odor of Sentinel’s lubricants on them as well, making his engine rev. Exquisite, he mused as he let his glossa out of Sentinel’s valve to take a few playful licks at the underside of his spike, alternating them with licks and kisses on and in the valve. Sentinel was whining and groaning, wiggling and trying not to sit up, as the Magnus had ordered him to.

The Prime sighed in relief when the Magnus finally backed down, but said relief gave way to panic as the Magnus rose and aligned his large spike with the Prime’s damp opening. “Sir...!” he tried, not wanting to be penetrated; he wasn’t a valve-bot, damn it! Spike-play was fine by him, but he didn’t want to go further! Of course, he couldn’t exactly voice this aloud... The Magnus just shushed him and patted his thigh.

“Don’t worry. You’ll be fine,” he said as he pushed the tip of his spike inside his subordinate’s valve.

Sentinel opened his mouth to scream as sensors were abruptly stimulated, but the Magnus bent over him and captured his mouth with his own, muffling whatever scream of pleasure or pain and whatever protest the Prime could voice. As he did so, more of his girth slid inside the Prime’s valve, slowly stretching the tight port. Sentinel kicked by reflex, wanting the fragging thing out, even as his arms went around Ultra’s neck and held for dear life, trying to get him closer to him. Ultra had to chuckle into the kiss as he noticed it.

For all intents and purposes, despite his eventual protests over wearing lingerie to please the Magnus and interfacing with him, it seemed his body was greatly enjoying the experience. He pushed a bit deeper into Sentinel’s body, inch by inch, until he was fully seated in the smaller mech’s valve. Only then did he release Sentinel’s mouth, letting the Prime gasp and whine as he realized he was fully stuffed by his CO’s thick spike. Ultra looked down at their joined bodies. The tangled panties were brushing against the Magnus’ groin and covering the first inches of Sentinel’s spike, the little pink bow normally adorning the front part pushed to the side and pressed under Sentinel’s extended cable. The feel and the sight made the Magnus’ spark throb. “Beautiful,” he murmured.

He turned his attention back to Sentinel, whose vents were overworking in an attempt to cool down his body. “Does it feel good, Sentinel?” he asked the sub-commander.

Sentinel stiffened a bit, clearly hesitating to answer, but a slight push from the Magnus’ hips, making his spike move inside his overstretched valve and stroking various nodes clusters, made him whimper in obvious pleasure. “It... it does, Sir,” he answered, cheeks flushing.

The Magnus chuckled heartily and patted his thigh. “You see, there was nothing to fear. Now, how about we get back to business?” he asked with a leer, pulling slightly out before pushing his spike back in, deep inside Sentinel. The Prime howled in surprise and pleasure and his arms just clenched

harder around the Magnus' neck.

"Yes... cry... cry for me, Sentinel," Ultra growled as he started moving his hips back and forth in earnest, reducing his subordinate into a wreck only able to shout incoherently as he was fragged on his CO's desk. "Show me... how much you like being... fragged... how much... you like... having me... inside you!"

Sentinel cried out, his voice dissolved into static as he overloaded, his valve clenched hard around the Magnus' length. It felt intense. So, so intense! He kept moaning wantonly as Ultra set a quick but not too rough pace. The Magnus continued to pound inside him for a while, smiling and muttering encouragements and compliments to his SIC, and Sentinel howled again as another overload went through him. His spike splattered hot, thick transfluid all over his and the Magnus' abdominal plates. His valve clenched again, harder than before. Roaring, the Magnus threw his head back and Sentinel felt a rush of moist heat in his valve, flushing when he realized it was the Magnus' transfluid that was being spilled into him.

Ultra carefully slide out of Sentinel's body and leaned over him, kissing him gently. Sentinel parted his mouth for him, and the two kissed softly, playing with each other glossa. At that moment, they both were too worn out to think. Gently, the Magnus helped Sentinel to sit, mindful of any soreness the smaller mech could feel. Transfluid and lubricant had formed a small puddle around the Prime's aft, making Sentinel very embarrassed, though Ultra didn't mind the slightest. It probably was the best use he ever had for this desk.

His and Sentinel's gazes were drawn to the panties Sentinel still wore. Between their respective overloads and the Magnus tangling them when he had sought to get better access to Sentinel's valve, they were now in a sorry state. The black fabric was marred by pale pink and light blue fluids, though it seemed the panties in themselves were still in one piece. The little bow on the suspenders weren't in a better state, dirtied by the fluids having shot out of Sentinel's spike. It was unwearable now, unless they were thoroughly and dutifully cleaned, the Magnus realized with a slight pout. Sentinel definitely thought among the same lines, except he was clearly overjoyed.

"May I take them off now, Sir?" Sentinel asked with palpable relief, and already moving to pull them down. The Magnus nodded, but didn't look away as Sentinel let them slid down. His optics followed the mesh of pink and the waves of marred black as it went into a pile on the floor, and looked up at Sentinel's still open panel. All at his joy of finally removing the organic undergarments, and systems still buzzing from the overloads he went through, he hadn't thought to close it yet. It made the Magnus smirk slightly when the Prime closed them abruptly, without taking the time to clean the obvious transfluid strains after finally realizing he was so exposed under his CO's still lustful gaze. He laughed when Sentinel mumbled excuses for involuntarily 'flashing' the Magnus.

"Oh, I wasn't minding the slightest Sentinel. After what we just did, you shouldn't be so ashamed of being... bare... in front of me," he purred as he circled Sentinel's waist with his arms. "In fact," he said as one of his hand cupped the Prime's aft, "I wouldn't mind seeing more of you like that." Sentinel flustered. "Ah, shy? Don't be; you're nothing to be ashamed of, quite the contrary. But if you really feel the need for some cover, then it is fortunate I have something that you could wear," he said playfully.

"S... sir? What do you mean?" Sentinel asked nervously, suddenly having a very bad feeling.

For all answer, the Magnus reached for his subspace pocket and took out several things he put on display on the cleanest part of his desk. Sentinel's spark sunk as he realized what it was. More organic fabric in the form of various garments. There were suspenders, and panties of various

shapes and sizes and stockings and other pieces the blue Prime couldn't identify. Some seemed to be coverages for the torso, also in different shapes and sizes. There were ribbons, and pearls and little crystals and strange decorative patterns on almost every articles of clothing. Everything was in various colors and were arranged incoherently, though some seemed to form coordinate outfits.

He watched them all in mute stupor as he realized just how much the Magnus was a deviant... and how much he was stuck, because there could only be a reason for the old mech to show these things.

A kiss was pressed against his helm. "Pretty, aren't they?" Sentinel nodded mutely, though it was a bit forced. Ultra Magnus didn't seem to notice - or if he did, he didn't care. He was pressing his body against Sentinel's backside in earnest, one arm around the Prime's waist and the other gently roaming over his chest. "I would really enjoy seeing you in some of those. Like the red ones," he said, vaguely gesturing at a chest covering in bright red color with black pearls sewed at the edge of the garment. "You would look divine, I'm sure." Sentinel wanted to protest he would not, and he didn't like the idea the slightest, but he just couldn't utter a word right now - and his CO could take it wrong.

"Would you like to try them now?" the Magnus asked, and Sentinel found his voice back, finally.

"I'm terribly sorry, Sir, but I'm afraid I can't," he said as calmly as he could. He felt the Magnus stiffening behind him and added quickly. "I'm still needed at my own office, Sir! I need to go and make a few calls, and I'm supposed to write a couple of reports and I can't if I stay here..." he babbled.

"Of course, of course," the Magnus murmured. "All that work to do, and your office is... two floors down, isn't it?" Sentinel nodded.

"Yes Sir, and I need to go immediately..." he trailed off as Ultra's hands started to cup his codpiece again. He swallowed dryly. "Sir?" he asked.

"Hmm? Oh, don't worry, I was just thinking," the Magnus answered, contemplative.

"Wh... what about, Sir?" Sentinel asked.

"About of much of a bother it must be for you to go back and forth between my office and yours all the work cycle. You come to my office, what, six, seven times a day to give me reports and bring me documents to sign, don't you?"

Sentinel gulped, put on edge by the rather innocent comment. "That's about right, Sir. The average would be about five times a day. We're lacking secure office personnel to transmit the documents, and some are just too sensitive to be send over a comm channel, so I have to hand them in person," he justified. "But I assure you it isn't a bother at all! I..."

"I think it is," the Magnus cut him out firmly. "All that time lost... there must be some way to gain it back. Hmm..." he mused aloud. "Ah ah!" he exclaimed as if he had just had a good idea. Sentinel tensed. He just knew he wasn't going to like that. "How about I lay out a desk for you in this office? It's big enough for the two of us, after all. You'll be able to give me your reports as soon as they are finished. This way, you won't need to make unnecessary trips and we'll be able to... spend more time together," he purred at Sentinel's audio receptor. "What do you think, Sentinel Prime?"

Sentinel tried very hard not to flinch and wail. "It sounds... marvelous, Sir," he managed to get out.

Ultra kissed him on the back of his helm again. "I thought so too. I'll make the necessary

arrangements as soon as possible. Your office could be reallocated easily; there is a number of lower ranked officers who could use a room like that for multipurposes.” His hand stroked Sentinel’s closed panel. “Your first time... As much as I’m flattered and happy to be the one who deflowered your valve, I should have offered something better than my battered desk. Remind me to make it up to you later. Perhaps in a real berth, in my quarters, one dark cycle, you, me and a cube of vintage energon dating from the Pre-War Cybertron. I’ll make you sweet love to compensate for the rather brisk way I took that virginity of yours. Would you like that, Sentinel?”

“I... I would certainly love so, Sir,” Sentinel stammered. “... Can I take my leave now, Sir?” he asked in a small voice.

“Right. Duty is calling,” the Magnus smiled as he allowed Sentinel to break away from him. Still, he grabbed Sentinel by the wrist and showed him the heap of lingerie again. “I’ll look forward seeing you in them. Why, as a token of good will, I’ll even let you chose the next one,” he said, smiling widely at Sentinel discomfited expression.

“That’s... very nice of you, Sir. Now, if you excuse me...” he saluted and practically run out of the room, spark beating fast.

How in the Pit had he ended in this mess?!

Chapter End Notes

The garters, stockings and panties Sentinel wore in this part:

<http://www.baylii.com/lace-bowknot-straps-garters-net-mesh-sexy-style-wpd09005-product-3532.html>

Chapter 3

Another day, another humiliation Sentinel mused as the Magnus invited him to sit in his laps. The Prime reluctantly did so, though he smiled shyly for his CO's benefice. As he tried to get himself comfortable, the blue mech tried not to sigh and rant as hands started to paw at him. Sometimes, Sentinel wondered why the old mech had even bothered setting another desk in the office. It wasn't like he let Sentinel use it much. Half the time Sentinel had something to type, he did so at the Magnus' own desk, while being shamelessly molested. Caresses and kisses, most of the times, or fingering of his port, or a handjob from the Magnus, mutual masturbation, frottage,... lot of non-penetrative interfacing, while still being clad in various lingerie articles. And sometimes, it went further. Well, sometimes... if he wasn't taking the old mech's large cable into his valve at least once a cycle, it was a miracle. For an old model, Ultra was sure... horny.

Every cycle started the same way; get into the office, go to the cabinet to select something 'naughty' to wear over his open interface panel, go back to the office and try to work. Try being the key word. Sentinel just thanked whatever deity listening to his prayers that Ultra Magnus, despite his lust for the Prime, was still being professional enough to actually do what was required of him instead of molesting Sentinel all cycle long.

He couldn't say, however, that the Magnus was in a professional mood this cycle.

Sentinel moaned softly as he felt fingers move slowly inside him, and he leaned back against the Magnus' chest, going limp. There was no way he could stype type while being fingered like that; he kept making typos and couldn't just think. As he pressed against the bigger mech, the back purple and black ribbons of his basque ruffled against the larger mech's chest and abdominal plates, which resulted in a pleased hum from Ultra. "Lovely," he muttered.

Sentinel looked down at the hand the Magnus had slide underneath the bright pink panties he was currently wearing, a lowcut model with white lace and frill flouncing at the bottom. That was one of the Magnus' favorite things to do; fingering his 'secretary' while said 'secretary' was desperately trying to type his next report. Sentinel wasn't fond of it, but it was safer than the alternative, meaning the Magnus' large spike inside him. Nervously, he tried to shift a little, moaning desperately as the fingers inside him brushed against more sensors. His garters and stockings brushed alongside the Magnus' thighs and legs, and though Sentinel didn't turn to try and see his face, he just knew the old mech was wearing that fragging pleased smile of his.

He felt his valve clench around the intruders and had to stifle another moan. "Hmm... Sir... please..." he said softly, gripping the edge of the desk with both hands, bracing himself even as the Magnus' arm tightened around his waist. "That's not... not reasonaaable," he whined. "I still... still need to finish to... tyyype... that report!" His valve clenched hungrily around the fingers invading him; it was so embarrassing... "Please... I... I can't concentrate... while you're doing that," he whined again.

It only made Ultra Magnus chuckle and kiss him on the back of his helm. "Is that so, love? Maybe you should postpone that writing for now. I'm sure it's not so important. Is it?" he asked, not bothering to stop fingering Sentinel's port in earnest.

Sentinel was torn. On one hand, yes, it wasn't that important, since he already talked about the content with the Magnus - when his mouth hadn't been put to 'better use' on the old mech's spike. He just needed a written report for the archives. He could very well type it later, true, but he had hoped for a break of the Magnus' overworking libido. Apparently, it was too much to ask for. Shoulders sagging in defeat, he answered his CO.

“N... no, Sir. It isn’t... isn’t important at all. But Siiiiirrrr!” he called out as the fingers inside him stroked one very sensitive nod clusters. “I still have... have... work to do!” He put his hands over the Magnus’ arm, trying to get him to release him. “And... so... do...you!” he called to the old mech’s duties, hoping it would work. It did, sometimes. This cycle, however, it didn’t seem like the Magnus would listen.

“Your sense of duty honors you, Sentinel Prime. You’re a good soldier. However, you should learn to relax... some... more,” the Magnus said, puncturing his words with light thrusts of his fingers deeper into the Prime’s valve, making Sentinel writhe in his laps. “I’m speaking seriously,” he added with an amused smile. “You always seems so... tense,” his fingers started a scissoring move, stretching Sentinel’s port wider and making him moan wantonly, “so... stiff,” the hand on the Prime’s waist moved to go and stroke the Prime’s spike housing, resulting in a pleased sob from Sentinel. “It doesn’t suit you, love,” he purred at Sentinel’s audio receptor. “I’m just trying to help you by making sure you’re properly pleased. Aren’t you glad I try?” he asked, nuzzling the Prime’s neck.

Sentinel swallowed dryly. What could he answer to that that wouldn’t sound like he disliked the Magnus’ attentions? “Of... of course, Sir. I’m... hmm.... ah... I’m very... graaateful... for your attentions!” he said, vents working hard as his spike started to extend. He looked downward with a look of disgust at the stretched panties. He could see as well as feel damp spots underneath his valve, where the lubricant gushing out of the small opening had dropped around the Magnus’ fingers. “But... we need to... need to be... vigilante! De... decepticons could... still...!” He didn’t go further than that before he started keening, as the Magnus withdrew his fingers and slide his hands out of his underwear. Said fingers moved up to go brush against Sentinel’s lips and, understanding the message, the Prime opened his mouth and started sucking onto the lubricant coated fingers. His own lubricant... he tried not to gag and instead make pleased sound, but it was hard.

“Decepticons... yes, they are a problem, I must admit,” the Magnus sighed. He sounded vaguely preoccupied, the Prime noted. Still, it didn’t stop him from stroking Sentinel’s half-erected spike, nor removing his fingers from Sentinel’s mouth. “Actually,” he continued, I think I’ve gotten a recent report form Rodimus Prime’s team on some suspicious sighting near the border of the Commonwealth. Would you mind picking it up, Sentinel?” he asked the Prime, finally pulling his fingers out of the Prime’s mouth.

The Prime nodded. “Of course, Sir.” He quickly scanned the various documents sprawled all over the desk; the Magnus didn’t seem to keep them in order. Then again, given he was prompt to make Sentinel lean on said desk before fragging him, it wasn’t exactly a surprise. He finally found the datapad containing the report and tried to bend forward to get it. Surprisingly, Ultra let him, releasing his hold over the Prime’s waist and stopping his caresses over Sentinel’s cable.

Pleased with the reprieve, Sentinel reached for the datapad the Magnus had gestured to, lifting slightly from his seat in the old mech’s laps. As his fingers grasped the pad, the Prime had to jump a little, startled by the sound of a panel sliding and by the feeling of something hard starting to press against the inside of his thigh. Oh Primus, no, he silently prayed. Not again.

That prayer went unanswered. As he sat back into his previous position, he had to shift a little to avoid sitting directly on the Magnus now extended and ready spike, though he knew it was only a matter of time before it was, once again, stuffed in him. He shuddered a little at the thought. It wasn’t that he disliked being fragged by the Magnus, per say, but the old mech always took his damn time drawing out the foreplay, loved to make the actual frag last as long as he could, and did it far too often for Sentinel’s tastes.

Looking at the shivering mech in his laps, Ultra had to smile pleasantly. Dear, good Sentinel,

always so easily flustered, always so shy. So easy to tease. Whatever the Magnus wanted Sentinel went along, though his cheeks remained very red or heated.

“S... Sir? Do you want to read the report yet?” Sentinel asked warily.

Ultra smiled a little. “Actually, I wouldn’t mind you reading it aloud for me. Would you mind?” he asked, his fingers deftly sliding between Sentinel’s legs and toying with the fabric of the panties.

Sentinel swallowed. “Of course not, Sir. It will be my pleasure.”

Fingers shaking, he turned on the pad; lines of text began scrolling down, and he tried desperately to follow them, scanning over the content before starting his aloud lecture. As he opened his mouth to talk, he was interrupted by the Magnus.

“One moment, Sentinel. There’s still something we have to do before you start. Would you mind rising up a little?” he asked gently.

Nervous, Sentinel nodded and lifted himself off the Magnus’ laps. The old mech’s hands were over his waist again, holding him steady as he shifted. Now was the moment he was going to get himself fragged. Again. The old mech was probably going to yank down the panties he had forced Sentinel to wear ‘til they were ruffled around his thighs or shins, then he would go ‘down to business’ and impale him. That usually was how it worked, anyway.

But Ultra Magnus didn’t bother sliding the panties down, this time. He just pushed asides the part covering the crotch and Sentinel’s valve opening before pushing the tip of his spike into the leaking opening. It made Sentinel gasp in surprise and reluctant pleasure as he was penetrated. “S... Sir?” he asked, trembling and trying to not moan as the Magnus buried himself deeper into his port, slowly, carefully. That wasn’t how he did it, usually. “Wh... what are you...?”

Ultra Magnus shushed him, hands firmly holding Sentinel’s hips as he helped Sentinel sat back in his laps, burying his spike into the Prime’s valve inch by inch at the same time, making Sentinel writhe and whine. He couldn’t suppress his own moan of ecstasy as he did so; Sentinel was always such a nice, tight fit. He helped the shaking Prime down, until he was sitting again, this time firmly impaled on his spike. The Magnus dimmed his optics and took deep respirations through his vents, savoring the feeling of the tight, wet heat squeezing around his shaft. He didn’t think he would ever tire of it.

“Hmmm... Ultra,” Sentinel called out, visibly disoriented and ill-at-ease. The Magnus perked up; Sentinel rarely referred to him by his name, preferring or being too used to call him just ‘Sir’. Not that Ultra didn’t like it; he found it very erotic. But being called Ultra was special. “Why...?” Sentinel trailed off, trying to turn his head toward his lover.

The Magnus patted him. “I was getting tired of foreplays, love,” he said as an explanation, pressing a kiss against Sentinel’s audio receptor. “I wanted to enjoy you now.”

Sentinel nodded at the explanation, though he wasn’t really convinced. He almost sighed. The report in his hand temporarily forgotten, he tried to move, guessing what was expected of him. The faster he was getting the Magnus off, the faster he could go back to actual work, and reading that report the Magnus had mentioned.

“No, no, don’t move!” the Magnus stopped him from lifting himself up, hands gripping hard. Sentinel almost winced at their strength, but forced himself to relax. Still, alarms were blaring under his helm.

“Sir, I... I don’t understand... you said we... we weren’t doing foreplays anymore, so I thought...” he trailed off, embarrassed.

The Magnus chuckled. “True, I don’t want to tease your sweet valve further. But I’m not ready to move right now,” he gently explained the Prime, who kept shivering as he felt all his sensor nodes being set alight by the girth inside him. “I just want to savour the moment... savour you,” he said, kissing Sentinel’s helm again. “You don’t mind, do you?” he asked sweetly. Sentinel shook his head, not wanting to answer. If he did, he didn’t think he could or would stay very polite.

“That said, we still have work to do,” the Magnus reminded.

“Sir?” Sentinel asked, voice uncertain.

“The report, Sentinel?” he asked mildly, and the Prime gulped nervously.

“Right... right away, Sir,” he said, trying to keep his voice steady. He had a pretty good idea of what was going to happen now. He was going to read, with the Magnus still buried inside him, and chances were that the old mech wouldn’t move until Sentinel had finished. So, for an uncertain amount of time, he was struck in place, impaled and unable to get away. And Sentinel wouldn’t be surprised if the lecherous mech wasn’t going to go further into that little game.

Sure enough, even as Sentinel opened his mouth to speak, one of Ultra’s hand caught his free one, and lowered it until it rested against Sentinel’s spike, still half-erected. The Prime gulped, understanding what the Magnus wanted. Tentatively, he wrapped his hand around his half-extended member, and the Magnus’ own wrapped over his. He moaned as the old mech started to fist their joined hands over his shaft in a slow pumping move.

“Hmmm... aah... S... Sir,” he whined.

“Read aloud, Sentinel,” the Magnus ordered simply. “Please,” he added.

Sentinel swallowed and, focusing as much as he could on the document alight before him, started to read. It wasn’t easy. The sensation of being filled but unmoving was new, and the humping of his spike kept distracting him. Not only was his hand shaking as he tried to keep a steady hold on the pad, but he kept stammering and cutting himself off, soft moans and pleas for more or for mercy, he wasn’t sure which, escaped his lips. The Magnus ignored both, anyway. He was too busy keeping a steady pace with his fist over Sentinel’s spike, while his other hand gently played with the ribbons adorning the front of the Prime’s basque. Sentinel was sure that whatever he was saying wasn’t making much sense, but the Magnus didn’t seem to care.

In a moment of clarity, Sentinel realized he had been had; the old mech must have had already read the report, and getting Sentinel to take it and read it had only been a new game of his, to justify his newest fantasy. In some way, it was mortifying; it was like if the Magnus didn’t trust him to work, just to frag... Whatever work he was getting done felt almost like a joke, he thought dejectedly. Had he done so much, worked so hard to just end up being... well, he didn’t quite know what he was right now. The Magnus’ beloved ‘secretary bot’, indeed...

Time seemed to pass slowly and swiftly at the same time; between the influx of sensations, the Prime lost track of time as he spoke, but he knew he was nearing the end of the report. “A... a... and we... can... can... af... affirmative... hmm... oooooohhh... affirmative... that... that the... ves... vessels noticed are... hmm... ah! ah! Sir!... hmm... that the vessels noticed are De... Decepticons in... nature and... that... that it should... ooh... should be considered wor... worrisome for they usually... usually don’t... Sir, please!... don’t come to close... so close!... so close to Spacebridges... and as such... such... we... we respect... respectfully ask... ask for a team of... Elite... Elite Guardmechs to come...

come and patrol... the bor... borders!” he finished with difficulties.

The Magnus hummed as the rhythm he had set increased. “Rodimus is right in some ways. Although I doubt a patrol will find anything, a show of force near our borders might remind inhabitants and possible intruders that we’re still here and still strong. People must be reminded they have nothing to fear as long as we Autobots stay vigilant. No, they have nothing to fear, not even the Decepticons. Do they scare you, Sentinel?” he asked his unfortunate second, momentarily stopping his ministrations.

Sentinel took a klik to answer, trying to formulate a coherent answer. “N... No they don’t, Sir,” he answered, feeling insulted his CO could even ask.

Ultra Magnus leaned a bit onto him. “Oh? You’re very brave, then. But don’t be afraid to tell me the truth, love. The Decepticons don’t scare you? Not even a little?”

It slowly dawned on Sentinel it was yet another little game from the Magnus. He didn’t want to be answered truthfully, he wanted it answered the way he wanted to hear. He wanted Sentinel to pretend that, despite being an Elite Guard member and a proud Autobot, the Prime would feel small and helpless like a slagging ‘Femme In Distress’ if he ever was to meet a Decepticon. Why, oh why did the Magnus enjoy making Sentinel play the part of someone fragile he had to protect and... cover... with his body, in several ways? Sentinel was a soldier, who had never actually seen true battle, granted, but he had been trained for it, and he hadn’t obtained the grade of Elite Guard sub-commander for nothing! But here, in this office, it was as if none of it mattered or existed.

... Which wasn’t exactly bad, per say.

Sentinel had always enjoyed playing ‘protector’ for pretty femmes (and the occasional little mechs that didn’t end up on his bad side - unlike that yellow nuisance on Optimus’ team), but he had never thought he would end up in a role reversal. And strangely, some twisted part of him enjoyed that; the fact of being smaller, more ‘fragile’ than his lover, being cajoled and cared for and loved and made feel valuable. Because that was what the Magnus was doing, wasn’t he? In spite of the weird kink with the organic coverage that bruised Sentinel’s dignity and the (mostly) unwanted constant pawing at his frame, Sentinel actually felt some measures of contentment. For once, he wasn’t the one who had to worry about anything; someone bigger, stronger than he was taking care of everything, letting him rest... well, mostly rest.

“W... well, actually, Sir... They do scare me... A little,” he said, voice shaking slightly. “But... but I’m sure you’ll never let them hurt me... would you?” he asked, trying to sound enamored.

Ultra Magnus chuckled and trailed soft kisses on the back of Sentinel’s head. “Of course not. Not a single dirty Decepticon will ever come in range of you. I’ll protect you, my sweet Sentinel. I’ll protect you, if you only let me.” His hand guided Sentinel in a faster pace along his length.

“Oh, Sir... of course I will!” Sentinel answered on cue. “You’re... you’re so brave... hmm... strong... handsome...hmm... ah... I know... I know I have nothing to fear... So long I’m in your arms.”

The Magnus hummed. “No, you don’t and never will, love. Such a precious treasure for me to protect,” he whispered huskily. “Such a treasure for me to please...”

His hand went even faster, and Sentinel was unable to formulate and answer, caught in the onslaught of pleasure coming from his spike sensor nodes. He was so close, so close to release! Finally, Sentinel howled as he overloaded, transfluid erupting from his spike, straining his hand and the Magnus’ own, as well as dirtying the front of the basque. His valve clenched reflexively,

squeezing the Magnus' spike hard, and Sentinel heard him grunt as he continued pumping on Sentinel's cable.

As the overload washed over him, Sentinel went limp and leaned fully into the Magnus' hold, gasping for cool air. Blessedly, Ultra Magnus released his spike, making Sentinel sighs in relief. Over, finally.

Well, not exactly over yet, he realized as he tried to shift into a more comfortable position. There was still that girth inside him that was still unmoving, and the Magnus didn't seem to want to move any time soon... Worst, Sentinel could definitely feel his sensor nodes set alight by the girth pressing against them. His valve rippled slowly around the intruder, trying to suck it in deeper, desperately wanting more. But more, the Magnus didn't seem ready to give right now, too lazy or dirty-minded to give his subordinate what he needed. Unless he was purposely staying unmoving and quiet as to force Sentinel to take a bigger part in their little interface plays. After all, the Magnus was always taking the lead; perhaps he wanted the Prime to actually participate instead of just going along. The more Sentinel thought about it, as his systems rebooted and increased the sensitivity of his valve lining around the girth inside him, the more it made sense. Which meant Sentinel was going to have to act if he wanted a reprieve. Assuming, of course, that Ultra Magnus let him do something, for in his twisted mind, who knew what he was truly thinking?

The blue Prime took a deep inspiration as he tried to rise, only for the Magnus' arm to tighten around him.

"Sentinel?" he asked disapprovingly.

The Prime half-turned his face toward him, trying to pout. "Please, Sir. There's something I want to do... something I want to reward you with," he said, trying to play coy as he pushed the Magnus' arm away from him.

The old mech relaxed some, but his arm wasn't budging away. "A reward? What do you have in mind, Sentinel? I require no reward of any kind..."

"Oh, but you do, Sir," Sentinel insisted, deceptively bashful. "You promised me you would protect me, and I... I really want to show you just how much I appreciate the feeling," he cooed.

Ultra hummed thoughtfully. "Now, that's hardly necessary, Sentinel..." he started, before being cut off as the Prime curled against him.

"Oh, but I insist, Sir," he said. "Please... Please Ultra," he whined. Ultra Magnus looked at him for a few breems before reluctantly releasing his hold. Sentinel felt triumph for a klik, but deflated just as quickly. Now, he'd have to be convincing.

Slowly, he started rising up without interference. The Magnus' spike slide out of him gradually, inch by inch, making both mechs moan as Sentinel purposely dragged out the move, making sure the large cable was rubbing against his sensor nodes until just the tip of the older mech's cable was still inside him. For a klik, Sentinel contemplated directly slamming his body down to impale himself again on the Magnus' length, but dismissed the idea. If he was going to be taken, it would not be by behind. Shaking his hips for effect and grabbing the edge of the desk, he lifted himself off.

"Hum... Sentinel," the Magnus called softly, moaning deeply as his spike made abrupt contact with the rather cold air after being encased so long in the Prime's glorious heat.

The Prime turned toward him and shushed him with a lick on the lips. "Now, Sir, just give me a

few breems,” he said. Slowly, making sure the Magnus followed what he was doing, he slide his fingers underneath the elastic waistband of his panties and started to lower them while looking at the old mech in the optics. Sentinel let them drop to the floor, fully revealing his dripping valve. Ultra Magnus watched it intently, like hypnotized, and licked his lips as he watched the prime little orifice that seemed to be begging to be filled, edge covered with pinkish fluids forming droplets sliding down the inside of Sentinel’s black tights. He felt a vague of desire burn through him. Tentatively, he moved his arms, trying to grab Sentinel and bring him to him, wanting to bury himself again in that tight, welcoming hole, but the Prime hit his hand lightly and chided him.

“Ah, ah, not just yet, Sir,” he said as he bent over to pick the discarded panties up between two fingers. They were in a sorry state, Sentinel noted with a small, brief grimace. Dirty and made sticky with his transfluid and lubricant. He briefly thought about tossing them in the garbage or better, in an incinerator to make them disappear. Sadly, he knew he couldn’t. He glanced quickly between the Magnus and the panties, and with a brief mental prayer and curse, brought the offensive undergarment to his face, slowly licking at a damp spot on the crotch area. Ugh. Disgusting... Well, not exactly disgusting; the taste wasn’t totally, he was getting used to it. The act in itself, however, he didn’t like the slightest. But it seemed to please the old mech, he noticed as he made sure to wink at him.

Ultra Magnus felt his engine revved up as he watched the Prime lick away the evidence of his release on the fabric. It was... very hot indeed. Quietly, he brought a hand on his spike and started pumping it a little as he watched in rapture. “Beautiful...” he muttered.

“Would you care for a taste, Sir?” Sentinel asked almost candidly as he stopped licking and sucking on the fabric.

Ultra Magnus purred. “I certainly would, love,” he answered back as Sentinel came closer, handing him the panties. The older mech simply interweaved his fingers with Sentinel’s own and brought the soiled panties close to his own face, gently licking at a spot of mixed silvery and pinkish colors. “Hmmm... You taste good, my Prime,” he purred. Sentinel gave him a bashful look as he settled back in the bigger mech’s laps, passing an arm around his neck.

“I hope so, Sir. All the better for you, isn’t it? But I think I can give you something even better,” Sentinel smiled uneasily. Quietly, he straddled the Magnus’ waist, pushing his knees each side of the old mech’s thighs. He gently tugged his fingers away from the Magnus’s hold and put both his arms around the Magnus’ neck in an embrace to steady his body.

“Sentinel?” the Magnus asked. Sentinel gave him a rather chaste kiss on the lips.

“I... I want you inside me again, Sir,” he stammered. Not a complete truth, but not exactly a lie. Sentinel would have been just fine without being forced to take the Magnus’ spike inside him again. But there was little hope the old mech would let go of him so long as he was that hard. And besides.. besides, Sentinel’s body was ready for more interfacing, even if his processor wasn’t fully into it. “Now...” he whispered seductively.

Ultra’s engine revved. “I would be happy to oblige.” His hands moved and went to grip Sentinel’s aft.

Sentinel gave a shaky smile as his behind was squeezed and fondled. His hand went around the base of the Magnus’ spike and he quietly moved it to align the tip of the large length with the opening of his valve. Slowly, as to not injure himself, he let his body down, carefully impaling himself again as he once again braced and steadied himself with his arms around the Magnus’ neck. His valve sucked the intruder in greedily, already prepared and eager to be fully filled. Sentinel moaned and whined as he slide down on the hard cable, the Magnus moaning with him as

he helped him down while keeping a steady hold on the Prime's aft, until he was finally seated, valve stuffed full and body leaning deeply against the bigger's mech body.

They laid like that for a moment, vents working hard to cool their heated bodies, until Sentinel started to move, lifting himself off slightly before sliding back down, dragging the spike inside him along as many nods as he could as he yelled his pleasure. The Magnus was barely more discreet. Sentinel tried again. It wasn't really hard to move his hips up and down, his every move supported by the Magnus' hands that kept fondling and squeezing his aft even as Sentinel rode the old mech's large spike, impaling himself again and again at an even pace.

"Sentinel... oh, Sentinel," the Magnus moaned as the Prime started to increase his pace, leaning forward to kiss the younger mech. "Faster," he whined.

"Ye...yes, Sir," Sentinel stammered as he quickened the pace yet again, making his downward thrusts harder, making him almost howl as his valve was overstimulated. The next moments were a blurr of moans and whines and pleasure, as the Prime tried his best to make the big mech overload before him. Sadly, it wasn't to be, and Sentinel finally overloaded first, his valve rippling and squeezing around the intruder, finally sending the Magnus over the edge as well, and Sentinel felt some mix of annoyance, disgust and relief as he felt a sudden rush of transfluid fill his valve. Lowering his gaze, he was made acutely aware of the rivulets of fluids escaping his valve and dripping over his thighs - straining his garters as they did - and the Magnus' owns.

Great. Yet another thing to clean up before he could go back to proper work. If he could go back to work. He just hoped Ultra Magnus was satisfied enough for now, because the Prime didn't think he could gather the energy for another round of interfacing right now.

"Did you enjoy my reward, Sir?" Sentinel asked quietly as he shifted his body, letting the older mech slide his spike out of him. With relief, the Prime sat down on his heels, still hugging the Magnus' neck for dear life.

The Magnus hummed. "Immensely. I'll look forward getting more favors from you, love," he hummed gently, nuzzling his face against Sentinel's neck as his hands went to play with the ribbons on the back of Sentinel's basque.

With a slightly tense smile the Magnus didn't notice, the Prime answered. "I'm... sure you'll find a way to gain them, Sir," he said neutrally. "I trust you for that."

Though honestly, Sentinel preferred not to have to...

Chapter 4

“Hmm, Sir... nooo,” Sentinel whined as he tried to push the Magnus away from him as he was lavished with kisses. Trying was the keyword, since Ultra Magnus was hardly ever deterred by his token resistance to his advances. Of course, since Sentinel could hardly say ‘no’ to his superior, he wasn’t usually trying very hard, just enough to rouse the Magnus’ interest and lust a bit more.

This time, however, he really, really wasn’t in the mood to be molested and pinned down so the bigger mech could have his ways with him.

Panting, the Magnus stopped his ministrations as Sentinel tried to kick him. “Why? Don’t you like it, Sentinel?” he asked as one of his hands continued to stroke the Prime between his legs, gently teasing the edge of his valve. “Don’t you want me anymore?” he added, making Sentinel tilt his head to look at him in the optics.

Sentinel swallowed. “That’s not... that’s not it, Sir,” he mumbled. “I... it isn’t I don’t want you, of course! You’re so... so... so... viril, so good to me!” he fumbled, trying to not sound too disrespectful or panicked. “But... you’re just... I... I can’t always... it’s a lot for me to take in, Sir,” he tried to explain himself, trying to cross his legs so he felt less exposed, though he was bothered in his efforts by the red panties rolled down around his knees and the hand still curled between his legs. Thankfully, the Magnus removed his hand quickly enough when he understood what Sentinel wanted to do.

“A lot to take in, Sentinel?” the older mech asked softly, looking at his flustering SIC with curious optics.

Sentinel’s cheeks heated. “I mean, Sir... you’re... you’re very... well endowed,” he stammered. “It’s wonderful,” he added quickly. “Sincerely, it’s just... great to feel you inside me... so large... so sturdy! You make me love wonderfully! But...” he trailed off, unable to tell what was bothering him so much, feeling pretty humiliated to even have to mention it.

The Magnus frowned, quick to catch on. “Sentinel, are you hurt? Did I harm you in our couplings?” he asked seriously, kneeling to have a good look at Sentinel’s bare valve. He wasn’t a medic, so he could hardly tell if there was any damage apparent, but he wanted, needed to check. That Sentinel was ill-at-ease in their lovemaking didn’t bother him, because it was rather expected of a ‘bot as rigid and morally uptight as the Prime. That, perhaps, Ultra was forcing him to go through more things than he was ready for made him slightly guilty, though any lingering uneasiness on the Magnus’ part rarely lasted as he pictured Sentinel’s face during an overload.

But if he had damaged him... if he had actually physically hurt him... he didn’t think he could totally forgive himself.

Despite appearance, he respected Sentinel, and he cared for him, though the Prime certainly didn’t recognize it. Ultra loved him, too, in his own way; it wasn’t just lust he felt for him at any rate. At any rate, Sentinel was his lover, and it was the Magnus’ duty to insure the other mech was well-treated, well cared for and well fragged. Pain wasn’t part of his kinks in any way. Had he been so careless he had actually injured the smaller mech? If so...

Sentinel was quick to reassure him though. “No, no! I’m... I’m not hurt, Sir,” he said, embarrassed. “It’s just... we... we do it so often that I’m a bit... sensitive right now. I just... I just would like a break. I don’t want to bother you in any way, Sir! But I.. I really need some rest.” He looked downcast and bothered, cheeks flushed and heated in shame at the admission.

Ultra Magnus felt relief. So, it was just that? It made him want to chuckle.

Poor, poor Sentinel. The youngster really was unused to interfacing and had no stamina if he was already tired of their frequent couplings. Of course, the Prime had been a valve-virgin before the Magnus got to him. One could argue he was still building the stamina required for the long make-out sessions most Cybertronians enjoyed. Ultra knew he could be... very enthusiastic when he was focused on taking his pleasure, and stellar cycles of intense training, fighting and fragging had shaped his endurance, especially when it came to certain... activities. And Sentinel was so responsive to his touch, he sometimes forgot just how young and inexperienced the Prime was.

Mentally, he took note of taking Sentinel to spare with him in the dojo. The young Prime needed to build his strength and endurance; an officer should have been able to last longer than that, or so he had hoped. Gently, he patted Sentinel's shoulder. "I understand Sentinel, don't you worry."

Sentinel's shoulders sagged in relief. For once, he supposed, he could let the younger mech off the hook. Still, he really, really wanted to roam his hands over the gorgeous body of his SIC... bend him over... kiss him everywhere... press his hard spike inside that tight little valve and listen to endless moans of pleasure and cries for more...

It took a lot of effort not to release his spike right away. He couldn't, in good conscience, take the Prime when the smaller mech had just begged for a reprieve. Still, the Magnus wanted to enjoy some action. Caresses and kisses might be sufficient for now, perhaps? He looked up and down at the Prime's body, optics catching the alluring deep red enlightened by the white of little pearls sewed into stylized patterns of the lowered panties and the garters against the dark blue of the Prime's armor. He watched the Prime's valve with regret, then looked a bit up to the bare spike housing. It wasn't extended yet, the Magnus having preferred to far tease Sentinel's valve. But since said valve couldn't decently be used... well, Sentinel had said nothing about his spike, had he?

Hmm, how long at it been since he had last given oral? A while, he would say. In fact, he didn't think he had ever properly pleased Sentinel's spike ever since they had started interfacing. Well, time to fix that.

The Magnus' hands slide around the Prime's waist and he smiled benignly at him. "I must admit, I feel ashamed of myself, Sentinel." The Prime looked at him with a frown. Ultra continued. "In a way, I was really unjust with you, wasn't I? I took and took from you and didn't give much in return. I failed to grasp how much I was tiring you. But we're going to change that," he assured him. He knelt before the Prime, putting his hands on his tights and forcing them apart, just as he brought the smaller mech closer to him.

It didn't seem to please Sentinel, for he tried to take a step back. He almost fell down, though, because the Magnus' hold was strong. "Sir... Sir! I told you...!" he tried, clearly panicked. He had really hoped the Magnus wouldn't insist to frag him if he told him just how much he needed a reprieve, but sadly, it didn't look like the old mech was really listening. Though, perhaps if he just used his glossa... perhaps it could be alright...

Ultra was quick to dismiss his fears. "Now, don't worry, Sentinel. I'll let your valve alone this cycle," he reassured the Prime. "I don't want to accidentally hurt you. I won't frag you. However, I think I can give some attention to your spike, don't you think?" he said, winking at the blue mech.

Sentinel flushed. "Well, I suppose so... But it's not necessary to do so, Siiiiiiiiiiiiirrr!" he shouted as the Magnus' lips and glossa started to map the edge of his spike housing, playfully licking and probing at the still depressurized tip visible inside.

“Oh, but I insist, Sentinel,” the Magnus whispered before going back to tease the Prime’s unextended cord. It was very amusing to do. A lick here, a kiss there, some sucking, some caresses with his lips,... Sentinel was whimpering under him, fists clenched “Nnggh... Sir...,” he called out. His hands reached out to grasp the Magnus’ sturdy shoulders as he tried to hold back a choked cry.

Ultra paid him no mind, focused as he was on his treat. Sentinel’s rod was slowly raising out of its housing under his ministrations, making him purr in delight. It pleased him that his skills hadn’t diminished the slightest. And just like his valve, Sentinel’s spike was very sensitive to any kind of stimulation. It was almost too easy... but it was incredibly arousing. It let the Magnus foresee lot of future overloads for his Prime, overloads he would enjoy bringing and seeing. He briefly thought of Sentinel writhing and thrashing, screaming his name as he came, and he felt his spike push behind his closed panel. Sadly, now was not the time to draw it out. Perhaps, once he had managed to please Sentinel enough, he would be able to convince him to return the favor? Even a handjob would be great, he was sure.

Engines revving, he continued his efforts to bring the Prime to overload. Soon enough, Sentinel’s spike was fully erected, and Ultra licked his lips as he contemplated it. It was of average length for a mech of Sentinel’s size, though it was certainly thick enough, with two ridges, one at the base and one near the tip, just under a slightly bulbous part. The whole shaft was moist with the Magnus’ oral fluids, and a drip of pale fluid was pearling at the tip. Gently, Ultra licked the underside in one long stroke, making Sentinel shudder.

“Nnggh...! Oh, Sir,” he whined. His knees were buckling and he almost fell down. Ultra Magnus stilled him before he did and pushed him to sit in his chair. Sentinel grasped the armrests and clung to them for dear life. “Ultraaaaaaaa!” he cried out as the Magnus started to take the whole length into his mouth, letting it slide down his throat as he worked his glossa all over the smooth surface.

The Magnus chuckled and purred, making vibrations that reverberated over the Prime’s spike, making him cry in surprise and pleasure. Sentinel threw his head back and shuttered his optics, his hold on the armrests growing stronger. Ultra’s hands had slipped and ruffled the garters that were now in disarray. The stockings they were holding up, black things with red stripes, were sliding down, but neither mech cared for now. Sentinel was too focused on just feeling, and the Magnus was focused on giving his little Prime the best overload he could give him. but not too fast, no, he wanted to draw out the pleasure, to pacify and please Sentinel. Each time he felt the younger mech stiffen, each time he thought the smaller mech was going to overload, he slowed down, stopped, then started again once he had been begged to in an almost desperate voice.

Ultra Magnus made it last as long as he could. Then, finally, after one final plea from Sentinel, he let the other mech overload, swallowing with gusto the transfluid that started to fill his mouth and throat. Sentinel, in the throes of passions, dropped his hold on the armrests to better cling to the Magnus’ shoulders, holding to them for dear life as he cried out Ultra’s name. Ultra grunted in approval at the loud display, noting Sentinel was rarely so vocal during a valve overload. Maybe he could try to pleasure the Prime’s spike more often, if it brought out such pleasant reactions.

Finally, the Magnus let go of the now limp cable as it slowly slide out of his mouth. His lips were still coated by a thin layer of transfluid, and he rose from his kneeling position to reach Sentinel’s face and kiss him on the lips, wanting to share the Prime’s sweet taste with him. Sentinel looked slightly reluctant to do so, but parted his lips anyway, and with finality, Ultra kissed him in a passionate kiss, helping the Prime rise from his chair as he did so. The panties and now the stockings were pooling at Sentinel’s knees, but none of them cared right now. Sentinel’s arms went around the Magnus’ neck as he deepened the kiss. Tasting his own transfluid was peculiar, but it was something he had already done once, back in boot Camp with Elita. Ultra’s hands went down to squeeze his aft, and though Sentinel frowned a bit, he didn’t stop the kiss.

Although he hadn't exactly wanted to be given oral stimulation in the beginning, he had to admit the experience had been far better than he remembered. It was certainly better than to be endlessly filled without any word edgewise.

Getting his spike sucked by the Magnus, though... It wasn't so bad, Sentinel mused as their glossas and fingers intertwined. It was even very nice. Even Elita had never managed to make him feel like that with a blowjob, and she was still some kind of interfacing goddess in Sentinel's CPU. Of course, she had been his first, so it was normal he kept comparing everyone to her. But really... If the old mech could do that more often... well, aside of the panties and whatever else he wanted Sentinel to be clad in, the Prime supposed he could really learn to like that.

Knock.

The noise make them froze in the kiss, and Sentinel jerked away from the Magnus. Or at least, he tried to; between the bigger's mech hold and the panties twisted around his knees, he almost fell backward, and only Ultra's firm handle stopped him.

Knock.

No reason to panic. So someone was at the door. Big deal. It didn't meant he was going to enter right away...

Knock.

Because the door was actually locked, right? RIGHT?! Spark missing a beat, Sentinel realized he didn't know if the door was actually locked. Which meant... There had been three knocks already. It was the standard process before one entered the Magnus' office, no matter if he heard an answer or not. It wasn't unusual for Ultra Magnus to not give a verbal acknowledgement if he was concentrating on something, so whoever was behind that door would now try and open and enter, and if the door wasn't locked, whoever it was actually going to see Sentinel with these strange coverages the Magnus liked and covered in transfluid and, and, and... And the door HAD to be closed!

It wasn't. It wasn't. The Prime felt his spark sink as he heard the opening shift start.

He exchanged a look with the Magnus, and both jumped into action.

It was like a mad scramble. Sentinel's optics darted right and left, and he judged quickly that he would have no time to reach his own desk. There was also no way he could reach the little hidden cabinet before whoever was behind that door entered. However, he realized, he could still hide under the Magnus' desk. Apparently having reached the same conclusion, Ultra ushered him and helped him curl under the desk, before quickly sitting in his chair and bringing it closer to the aforementioned desk. He quickly grabbed a random datapad and lighted it, trying to pretend to read as the doors finally slide open.

Cliffjumper entered, holding a stack of new datapad. He saluted as well as he could, balancing the pads so they wouldn't fall.

"New reports from the Commonwealth, Sir," he said briefly, walking to the desk.

The Magnus nodded. "Right. Thank you, Cliffjumper. Put them over here," he said, motioning to a free spot on the edge of the desk.

The red Minibot nodded and put them down, looking around with a frown. There was something missing... "Sentinel Prime isn't here, Sir? It isn't in his habits to miss a work cycle. Is he unwell?"

he asked carefully.

Under the desk, Sentinel stiffened. The Magnus, however, dismissed the misplaced worry. "Absolutely not. He just went outside to take a break a few joors ago. I'm afraid he overworks himself."

The Minibot nodded. "I suppose it's true, Sir. I saw him leaving the complex that other cycle. He looked exhausted, as if he had just came through a vicious obstacle course," he commented.

Sentinel felt his spark constrict in his chest. Oh by the Allspark, he thought. Tired? Of course he was at the end of a work cycle, with the way the Magnus enjoyed having his ways with him! He always tried to leave well after most of his coworkers as to decrease the risks someone could ask questions, but it seemed he hadn't been careful enough and that he had been noticed. Oh Primus, Oh Primus, ohprimusohprimusohprimus...

"In fact, Sir," the red 'bot said, obvious to the presence of the Prime, "I'll dare say he might need some help, if he get so caught up in desk work to the point of almost dropping off in exhaustion. Perhaps an assistant of sort would be best for him?"

"Is that so?" the Magnus frowned, seeming to think. "I hadn't noticed he was so... overworked. I shall have a conversation with him as soon as he will be back. Being dedicated to one's work is commendable, but I wouldn't want him to jeopardize his... health." Cliffjumper barely raised an optic ridge, but Sentinel's cheek flushed with heat, part in rage and part in shame, and he had to restrain himself to start ranting. He couldn't just give away his position... but he took not to be extra hard and snide with the red Elite Guard mech.

"If you say so, Sir," the Minibot shrugged. "May I take my leave?"

The Magnus nodded. "By all means, Cliffjumper."

The Minibot saluted and turned on his heels, heading off without another word.

Sentinel heard him walk away, and heard the sound of the door closing behind him with an increasing amount of relief. Still, at the same time, he felt a wave of fury inside him. As Ultra shoved his chair back, Sentinel went to his knees and glared at him, still partly hidden under the massive desk.

"Why was the door open, Sir?" he asked with deceptive calmness. "Why was the door open, Ultra?"

The Magnus gave him a rather sheepish smile. "Well, you see..."

"The door was open because you didn't lock it before jumping on me, wasn't it?" he commented waspishly. "You... haven't... locked... the... door," Sentinel punctuated for emphasis, cheeks red with heat. The Magnus chuckled at his look.

"No, indeed no, I didn't. It must have... slipped my mind," the big mech said, chuckling.

Sentinel was far from amused. "I can't believe you...! Anyone could have...! Almost caught...! People... think... what...!" he raged and ranted.

How could have the Magnus been so careless?!

But, wait... Suddenly, Sentinel had an horrible suspicion.

"... Sir? Was it the first time you 'forgot' to lock the door before we... 'faced?'" he asked, feeling mortified.

Ultra seemed to ponder the question, though Sentinel caught a small light in his optics, something like mischief and satisfaction mixed together, and he groaned. "It wasn't, was it?" he said, not really asking. Of course the kinky old mech would have added the chance of discovery to his fantasies. Without even telling Sentinel! It was so... so... infuriating! What would people think, if they were to walk on him getting pleased by the Magnus on his desk?

Nothing good, that was for sure. Sure, he was fragging the Magnus - or rather, the Magnus was fragging him - but he got his position as the Elite Guard sub-commander fair and square! Sentinel started to shake in restrained fury, and the Magnus grimaced. He disliked seeing Sentinel upset or about to start a rant. The mech was barely manageable or bearable when he worked himself out in a rage. Ultra didn't indulge in gags or bondage, but sometimes... just sometimes, he thought he should.

"I'm sorry I hadn't told you; it had slipped my mind," Ultra started, trying some damage control. Sure, he too kinda feared what his fellow Cybertronians would think if they ever caught on his little 'lingerie kink', but the thrill of almost being caught, 'facing in his office... It just made him overload harder, made everything more intense. And so far, he had had the perfect timing to insure himself they wouldn't be bothered, so it had hardly be a real risk. Beside, he rather thought people would focus on the fact he was fragging Sentinel Prime first than on the details of their interface story.

"Sorry isn't going to cut it, Sir," Sentinel snarked, cutting off his attempts at soothing.

Ultra sighed. "I know, Sentinel, I know. I just..." he hesitated. "Having you in my arms... it really left me little time to think of anything else. You make me so revved up," he purred as he stroked Sentinel's chin, taking note of the slightly flushed cheeks and feeling very pleased by the reaction, "that sometimes, I can barely control myself. That people could walk on us... Well, it's a risk I'm willing to take. But I don't want you to be ill-at-ease, Sentinel."

Yeah, right. That's why you make me wear those garments over my open panel, the Prime thought nastily.

The older mech continued speaking. "It's my own fault, I admit. I... often forget to take into account just how must you're sensitive to what people might think. I shouldn't let my lust for you run its course without checking first nothing or nobody will bother us while we're having a... private moment. I'll try and make sure to lock the door when we're 'facing from now on. Of course, I might... forget from time to time, and your help checking out if I did would be very appreciated," the Magnus added with a small smile.

Sentinel mentally translated: I've no intention to really do so, but if it can help you relax, I'll let you check and actually check the locks before I frag you... if I even let you the time to wonder about it. Which... was exactly what Sentinel had expected, if he was honest with himself. If the Magnus 'ordered' him to come in his laps, to bend over his desk, to lie down on the floor, to go down on his hands and knees, or to face the wall with his legs spread so he could be taken from behind, Sentinel could hardly ask for a klik to go to the door and back. Not when hands were already pawing at him and he had hardly the time to say one word edgewise.

The Prime sighed. At least, he thought morosely, the Magnus was 'trying' and was willing to make an 'effort' rather than flat out refusing to change his habits. But after all, he also had a lot to lose if the wrong people came to learn of his kinky habits.

"I suppose I can live with that, Sir," he said warily.

Ultra gave him a tender smile. "Good."

Sentinel nodded curtly and tried to rise. However, he was stopped by the Magnus' hand on his helm. Surprised and suspicious, he looked at the bigger mech.

Ultra Magnus was looking at him contemplatively. "Sentinel? While you're here," he said, letting his panel retract and his spike extend so it bobbed in front of Sentinel's face, "would you mind helping me out?" he asked good naturedly.

Sentinel gave him a look. "Sir," he called, visibly unhappy, "I..."

"Please, Sentinel," Ultra said, cupping the Prime's cheek with his hand. "Pretty please? We can't exactly enjoy ourselves the usual way... unless you're already feeling better?" he asked with a small smirk.

Sentinel sputtered. "That... no, no, I..." he gulped, then steeled himself. "Of course, Sir. I'll only be too glad to... help," he said with a small grimace. "After all, you've been so good for me... it's only normal I do the same to you, isn't it?"

Tentatively, he parted his lips and closed them around the tip of the Magnus' spike, giving a small lick on the apex with his glossa. It made Ultra moan in obvious pleasure. "Yes, like that," he moaned as his hand started to pet Sentinel's helm. Internally, he was thinking about what Cliffjumper had said. True enough, Sentinel did often look exhausted after their daily activities. And though Ultra could and would help him build stamina to make their fun last longer, the fact was that Sentinel alone wouldn't suffice to satisfy his need if his interface drive remained as high as it was. And after stellar cycles of abstinence, there was little chance it would. Having someone else join them... to take over when Sentinel was too wearied out... someone else to try on the silky or lacy panties he kept collecting... Mmm, who could he draw into this scheme? Longarm, perhaps?

Gently, he caressed Sentinel's chin, inviting him to take him deeper. Not knowing about the Magnus' silent reflexion, the Prime shuttered his optics and slowly took more of the hard length in his mouth, trying not to gag and please his CO. Internally, he was sighing.

Even when he wasn't able to frag him in the valve, trust the Magnus to frag him anyway...

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

The last part of this story already.

I hope you have enjoyed it and that you'll follow more of Sentinel's Woes.

"I'm very disappointed in you, Sentinel."

The blue mech shuttered his optics and tightened his fists, gasping as he received a new spank.

"Yes, Sir." He said between gritted dental plates, trying to stay immobile. He was lying across the Magnus' laps, aft up and easily hit and molested by the bigger mech.

"I had expected you to act with more... judgement while I was... incapacitated." Another slap on his sensitive aft, and Sentinel gasped, almost keening in pain. He just answered, once again: "Yes, Sir. I'm sorry, Sir," he added quietly.

Ultra Magnus watched him crossly. "You can be, Sentinel. What were you thinking?" He slapped again the Prime - former Prime - he mentally amended - 's aft, a bit stronger. This time, Sentinel keened and tried to get away from his the Magnus' laps. Ultra grunted as a warning, and Sentinel immediately stopped. He didn't want to end up in stasis cuffs as well. "Well?" he asked again. "What were you thinking, Sentinel?"

"I... I don't know, Sir," he whispered. "I... I only wanted to help Cybertron... defend ourselves..." he mumbled. His answer got him a couple more spanks, and he keened, cleaning fluids almost escaping his optics. They had been at it for so long, his aft just felt like it was on fire. And still the Magnus kept smacking him with his bare hand, hard, as if he was disciplining an unruly sparkling. In the end, Sentinel wasn't sure what was hurting more: his sore aft or his wounded pride.

Ultra Magnus rumbled in displeasure. "Did you really, Sentinel? I might be willing to admit your intentions were nobles, but you did abuse your powers in more ways than one. Restricting space bridge access and travel, producing propaganda movies, setting up a curfew,... There might, I said MIGHT, have been normal and expected. However, you did act without any regard for the advices and wishes of the Guilds Domesticus. Do you think we Autobots are a tyranny, Sentinel?" he asked the mech lying face down on his laps. His hands stroked the abused aft lightly.

"No... no, Sir," Sentinel answered, voice wavering. "We're not."

The Magnus nodded grimly. "No, we're not indeed. But you, Sentinel... you acted as if you were the sole ruler of Cybertron. A Magnus, even a temporary one, isn't," he stressed, slapping Sentinel's aft again, making the blue mech choke on a sob. "We rule because people trust us, and we rule because we're willing to listen to others to do what is the best for our planet and our people. Something you failed to do. Worse, some of your actions could have doomed us. Do you realize that, Sentinel? Do you?" he asked, one hand grabbing Sentinel under the chin and forcing him to turn his head enough to look at him in the optics.

"Yes Sir, I do," Sentinel whimpered. "I'm so, so sorry, Sir," he tried. Ultra gave him a look and he gulped, shutting up immediately.

“Being sorry isn’t enough, Sentinel. Clearly, I was wrong to trust you to keep a level head when dealing with power. You were not ready, and I think it’ll be long before you can actually be trusted with the rank of Prime again.”

Sentinel tensed. He hadn’t know until now he would get sacked, though he had had suspicions. How could he not, when everyone blamed him on what they considered to be mistakes while praising Optimus for bringing in the reformed Allspark and worse, Megatron in chains? “S... Sir?” he asked, wary of what was going to be said.

“You have been taken down to Minor again, Sentinel,” the Magnus informed him coldly, though he did feel a pang of sympathy for Sentinel after seeing his crestfallen expression. His job, his rank: it was all that mattered to Sentinel. “Optimus Prime will step in and fill your duties as Elite Guard sub-commander from now on.” Sentinel twitched at the reveal. Ultra gave him a look. “It is fortunate for you the council and myself decided to not boot you out entirely. However, before your temporary position went over your processor, we agreed that you had spotless records, and we used some leniency. It is, however, out of the question you’d be given the rank of Prime again until I can honestly certify you’ll never act like you did ever again.” He bended forward to look closely at Sentinel, who had started to check. “Am I clear, Sentinel?”

“Ye... yes, Sir,” Sentinel swallowed. He wasn’t going to crack. Not now. When he was alone, he could have a mental breakdown, but not now. “What... what will be my duties now, Sir?” he managed to ask, feeling low.

The Magnus petted him while smiling thinly, and Sentinel felt something akin to alarm course him. Something... something didn’t quite add up. If he wasn’t a Prime anymore, why had the Magnus kept the second desk in his office? And why had he insisted they resume their ‘affair’? Why had he insisted Sentinel put on a garter-belt and fishnet stockings before starting to spank him? Oh Primus, he thought, gulping, surely not...

“It had been decided that I was still too... fragile... to handle most of the office work I previously did,” he said carefully, with a small amused light in his optics. “It had been decided a needed and official secretary to help me out. And, since you need to learn the basis again, Sentinel, I insisted you be that secretary. Congratulations, Sentinel Minor. You’re now the official Magnus Assistant Secretary,” he said, grabbing Sentinel around the waist to help him sit. “You’ll help me fill paperwork and, because my medics insist I take an auxiliary at home to watch over me, you’ll also come to live with me. It will probably also include some... other duties that aren’t for everybody audio receptors. What do you say?” he asked, pressing his lips against Sentinel’s helm.

Sentinel winced, both at the new and at the contact of the Magnus’ laps against his sensitive aft. He knew it. He just knew it. The lustful slagger had managed to fool everyone in keeping Sentinel around to better frag him. And this time, there would be no way to escape him at the end of the work cycle either. Slag it to the Pit! “Won’t... won’t people find it suspicious, Sir?” he asked back, trying very hard to keep calm. “I... General population might not like the idea I get to spend so much time around you. The council, for example...” he trailed off as the Magnus’ hands shifted to grab his hips.

“I talked to them about that. I managed to point out you also needed someone to watch over you, just in case you did something... stupid again,” he said with a snort. Sentinel’s cheeks flushed. Ultra gently patted his cheek in reassurance. “As your commanding officer, it was my fault I failed to notice your shortcomings and failed to correct them before they became a danger to you and everyone around you. I argued with them over the fact you would certainly help take good care of me, since any lapse of health on my part would only increase the people general dislike of you at the moment.” Sentinel winced, not having thought about it. As much as wanted to neuter the old

mech sometimes, he wasn't about to kill him. Yet. The Magnus continued to speak. "And you can actually be considered trustworthy. Intelligence is still searching for eventual spies still in our ranks, and everyone agree that, despite your dubious choices, you're actually loyal to the Autobots. As such, nobody is afraid you'll deactivate me in my recharge."

Okay, a legitimate fear, Sentinel could admit. Nobody wanted another Longarm incident, after all. Still, Sentinel thought and tried to think of something to say, something to stop Ultra Magnus from... having his ways with him more than Sentinel was comfortable with. "It sounds... good, Sir," he managed to say, "but shouldn't I... I don't know, go back to the Academy or something? If I need to relearn what it means to be a good Autobot!" he said quickly, spark beating fast.

The Magnus discarded the argument easily. "We both know, Sentinel, that the Academy wouldn't help you with that. You need another approach that the theory they dispense to young cadets. When we have a moment, I'll be the one to teach you." His optics narrowed and grew dark and stormy, and his hands grasped Sentinel's hips so hard that the younger mech yelped in pain. "And I do intend to make the lessons stick, even if I have to gag and bind you to the berth for that. Am I clear?" he rasped. Sentinel nodded quickly, frightened, and the Magnus immediately released his grip and smiled indulgently. "Good," he said with a smile and a kiss on Sentinel's lips.

Not, not good, Sentinel thought desperately. He didn't want to get into bondage. Lingerie was bad enough, but bondage! He felt like wailing and leaking optic fluids all over the place. "But, but... I'll just be a secretary to you now! Wouldn't that be wrong to continue to interface together despite the difference of rank?" he asked, almost panicking. surely, he could appeal to the Magnus that way?

Ultra chuckled and gave Sentinel a wry smile. "No, I don't think so, Sentinel. For one, we were interfacing long before you losy your rank of Prime, even though our 'affair' wasn't known. And, let's be honest. Your career will not be getting anywhere so long neither the council or I agree you have become a better, level-headed person. And given you have rubbed almost all the council members the wrong way in your short tenure as temporary Magnus, it might take thousands and thousands of stellar cycles before they even accept to consider the idea you have changed." Gently, he slid one of his hands between Sentinel's thighs to cup his interface panel. "Now, can we resume what we were doing last time or do you have other failed arguments against the continuation of our liaison to present me with?" he asked with a raised optic ridge.

Sentinel's shoulders sagged in defeat. "No, Sir."

At his sad face, Ultra had to nuzzle him. "Don't worry," he said quietly. "I'll be gentle."

"If you say so, Sir," Sentinel said, letting his panel open while his hands instinctively went to stroke the Magnus own closed panel. "What do you want me to do this cycle, Sir?" he asked, resigned.

Ultra sighed. He really hated to see Sentinel with a sad face. It was much more amusing or stimulating when he was grimacing or internally ranting - and yes, Ultra knew when the now Minor ranted; Sentinel had never been good at hiding what he was feeling. However, he knew it was a lot for Sentinel to take at once, so he was willing to let him mop a little. He knew his lover was afraid. Afraid of his lose of power and position, afraid of what the Magnus would do to him, afraid of being used like an interface slave,...

Which wasn't exactly what the Magnus had in mind, even if he was indeed crossed at Sentinel for his actions. Anyway, Sentinel had little to fear for now. Though his medics had told him he could interface, they had stressed just how much he still needed to recover and had imposed limits on what he could do. If his pelvic joints had been correctly readjusted, his back struts were still healing and were the source of some concerns, to say nothing of his spark. Sure, he was off

support, but he had been warned to not overtax himself, least an army of angry medics would force him to go back to the infirmary. As long as they had concern over his various body parts, some things were just out of limits for him, like some of the most acrobatics interface positions. For example, no spark play were allowed. If he interfaced, he had to stay flat on his back or sitting like he was now, in a reclining berth or chair. It was fortunate his desk chair was one, he mused. Whoever he was with would have to do most of the job. How many overloads he was allowed to have each solar cycle was also strictly limited. All in one, even if he continued to flirt with Sentinel and have his way with him, it wouldn't be as often as the Prime seemed to think.

Not yet.

All the while, his desire and interface cravings had not diminished the slightest, so yes, he supposed Sentinel should fear what was coming once Ultra was back to full health. He had promised to... discipline the former Prime, after all, and the Magnus could think of quite a few... pleasurable ways to do so. It made his engines revv, startling the younger mech. Ultra just smiled at him. Dear, dear Sentinel. If only he could really have his fun now. But Ultra was a patient mech; he could wait.

Besides... it wasn't like he hadn't some... contingency plans in place until he was ready to properly 'deal' with Sentinel. Smiling to himself, he let his panel open and his spike extend. "Just touch me for now, darling," he said, nuzzling Sentinel. The Minor nodded and squeezed the Magnus' cable between his two hands. The old mech moan in delight. "Aahhh, yes, like that," he whimpered, just as one of his servos slipped inside Sentinel's port. Sentinel mewled, making the Magnus purr.

Some things never got old.

But they definitely could get better, he thought as he heard the door open. He grabbed Sentinel's wrists to stop him from getting away, keeping in on his laps. Sentinel threw im a panicked look, but Ultra merely smirked in return. Even from the door, there was no mistaking what they were currently doing. A stack of datapads went crashing to the floor. Sentinel turned, panicked.

From the doorway, Optimus looked at them, jaw slack under the shock. Sentinel stared at him with wide optics.

"It isn't what it looks like!" he cried out, trying to get the Magnus to release him.

Optimus stared even more. "And what do you think it looks like?" he said, not even realizing he was speaking until the words had left his mouth.

Sentinel growled in frustration. "I'm not sleeping my way to the top, damn it! I'm already at the top!" he paused. "Or at least, I used to be," he grumbled unhappily. Optimus just shook his head in disbelief.

Ultra Magnus laughed loud and clear at Optimus dumbfounded expression and Sentinel's whining. Quite suddenly, both younger mechs seemed to realize he was here too, and while Sentinel flushed and muttered it was Ultra's fault for not, once again, not locking the door, Optimus automatically saluted before sputtering.

"I'm, I'm sorry Sir! I... I didn't know you were... busy!" he said, cheeks taking a red glow. "I'll... I'll come back later," he added, trying to avert looking at Sentinel and at the Magnus. But before he could turn and leave the room running, the Magnus called to him.

"Stay here, Optimus," he said in a tone suffering no talk back. Optimus froze, and the Magnus' voice went softer. "Please enter the room and lock the door behind you." Optimus nodded, gulping, and send the signal to close the door.

Sentinel perked up. He had a feeling of déjà vu...

Optimus stayed as far from the desk he could. He really didn't want to look too closely at the Magnus' spike, nor at Sentinel's bare interface components. Granted, he had already seen them before, when they had been younger, but the whole situation was very, very embarrassing...

"I'm sorry I distrubed you, Sir," Optimus said quietly.

The Magnus smiled at him, his hands releasing their grip on Sentinel's wrists. The Minor quickly covered his bare valve; Ultra paid him no mind. "You're forgiven," he said benignly. "I'm sure you had a good reason to come and see me. Were you wondering about the reports on your desk?" Optimus nodded shyly. "Ah. I knew I should have had a meeting with you about them. Somany reports, so many tensions you can't know of and need guidance to resolve... You did well in coming to me for information, if that what you wanted." The Prime's shoulders sagged in relief. "However, I would like you to not repeat that incident," the Magnus added while fondling Sentinel's aft.

"Of course, Sir. I wouldn't dream of that!"

Oh Primus, it wasn't just déjà vu; Sentinel remembered a very similar conversation, and he stared at the Magnus in disbelief. Surely not...?

The Magnus smiled at Optimus. "Good. Tell me, Optimus," he added as he saw the Prime eyeing the door. The Prime froze and stood at attention. Ultra chuckled. "No need to be so tense. I was just wondering, since you spend more time on Earth than I... what do you think of Sentinel's outfit?" he asked eerily.

Sentinel almost shrieked as Ultra forced him to turn so his former friend could have a good look. Optimus' optics went round as he took note of Sentinel's garter-belt and stockings. He swallowed dryly.

"It's... very peculiar, Sir. What is it exactly?" he asked.

Ultra Magnus raised an optic ridge. "Oh? You've been on Earth so long and you don't now about lingerie? I thought you had a young female organic rather close to your team?" he asked in exaggerated curiosity, Sentinel thought.

Optimus gulped. "We do. However, I was lead to believe anything having to do with 'small clothes', as Sari put it, wasn't to be discussed with us, since it didn't concern us. Her father didn't seem inclined to share the matter, and he did blush when he brought the subject once after his daughter hit a... growth spurt," Optimus tried to explain, feeling ill-at-ease.

Sari had vaguely spoke of lingerie and how human males seemed to find it 'sexy' on their partners. So seeing what was obviously a copy of some lingerie articles on his former friend, with the Magnus seeming eager to learn more... Well, it might not be the kinkiest thing Optimus had heard of, but it definitely was uncommon.

Ultra Magnus was nodding. "A pity. I had been hoping you could fill some gaps in my knowledge. What do you think of the garter-belt Sentinel is wearing?" he asked again.

"Sir!" Sentinel protested. Ultra shushed him and looked at Optimus in the optics. The Prime gulped.

"It's... pretty, Sir," he said lamely.

Ultra smiled. "Isn't it? I thought it was very fitting. I have a... small collection I enjoy to see

Sentinel in. Tell me, Optimus, would you like to try some?” he asked with a pointed look at the Prime.

Optimus sputtered. Sentinel shuttered his optics. He knew it. He knew it was going to end like that. “M... Me?! But Sir...!”

Ultra cut him off. “I wouldn’t like to make it an order, soldier,” he commented offhandedly.

Optimus stared at him. Then he looked at Sentinel in the optics. Sentinel barely nodded at him and shrugged. Optimus swallowed. “I... Of course, Sir. Which... which ones do you want me to wear?”

Ultra seemed to ponder. “Hum, I do have an idea... Sentinel, mind showing him the cabinet? I have an outfit I was keeping for a special occasion, next to the panties pile. You’ll help him put it on,” he said, smiling at Optimus while helping Sentinel rise up. “I’ll be waiting for you... eagerly.”

The Minor nodded swiftly. “Of course, Sir. Come on,” he said to Optimus. The red and blue mech followed him in dumb stupor, trying very hard not to look at his friend aft as he walked. Which was hard, given the white clothes just drew his gaze to this area...

Sentinel pushed him into the secret cabinet and closed the door behind them. As Optimus stared at the various piles of undergarments, Sentinel quickly located what that Magnus had been talking about. Oh. Well, better Optimus than him, he supposed. He turned back toward Optimus and saw him holding a bustier in his hands, optics dims.

“That’ll probably be for another time,” he said to the other mech, startling him. “Here, that’s what he want you to wear,” he added, pushing the clothes in the Prime’s hands.

Optimus stared at the package in disbelief.

“... Does it happen often? Interfacing with him, I mean?” he asked, watching Sentinel with a curious expression.

Sentinel took it in stride. “Often enough. Ever since we first went to Earth. I was already sub-commander and Prime at the time, so no, I didn’t slept with him to get my rank,” he snapped.

Optimus raised in hands in defense. “I never said you did! I know you too well for that! I know you got your position fairly, no need to snap at me,” he defended himself. “Can’t you close your panel?” he asked nervously.

Sentinel looked down at his frame. Sure enough, he was still bare. “Why for? I’ll have to open it again in a short moment,” he pointed out.

Optimus grimaced. “Yeah... I guess so... Anyway, you don’t need to yell at me. It wasn’t my idea to have you demoted. And I certainly didn’t want to walk on you and Ultra Magnus making out like petrorabbits!”

Sentinel grunted, but didn’t apologize. It was just... too sensitive a subject to talk about right now. “Well? You need help putting it on?” he asked briskly.

Optimus hesitated for a second. “...I might. What is that thing called, anyway?”

“Bodystocking,” was Sentinel answer as he went closer.

Helping Optimus didn’t take long. They went mostly silent, not daring to speak of anything. Privately, Sentinel was happy for the silence. He needed to calm down and think. Ultra had trapped Optimus the same way he had trapped him. Why? Because he wasn’t attracted by Sentinel anymore? Doubtful; if he wasn’t, he wouldn’t have secured Sentinel’s position as ‘personnel

secretary'. Then again, hadn't he said once Sentinel wasn't sufficient for his... interface urges? Was Optimus supposed to be not a replacement, but another... lover/interface toy/frag buddy?

If so, Sentinel's future might be brighter than he expected.

Or perhaps not. In a threesome, especially one with another mech, it wasn't uncommon to have two mechs make out for the pleasure of the third. Which was probably what the Magnus wanted until he was better.

Sentinel sighed. It could have been worse, he supposed. The Magnus could have fancied the crochety old medic that was on Optimus' team. Brr...

"There... I think it's okay," Optimus mumbled. "What do you think?"

Sentinel peered up. He looked at Optimus critically. Personally, Sentinel hadn't tried on a fishnet bodystocking yet. It was among the latest items the Magnus had received before the whole debacle with Wasp and Sentinel's departure from Cybertron, and he hadn't managed to get an occasion to make his former SIC wear them. Thank Primus.

On Optimus, it didn't look half-bad, he supposed. Black fishnet stockings with flowery lace details went up to the thighs, where in front it turned into suspenders that went up to the upper torso, whereas it covered the two windows over the Prime's chest, crisscrossing over the delicate part, while in the back it went uninterrupted from the thighs to the torso, nicely covering the aft and clinging to the frame. The abdomen was let free to touch and caress, most notably the grills. It also let the whole pelvic area uncovered. Frowning, Sentinel turned away from the gobsmacked Prime and rummaged into the pile of undergarments. With a satisfied smile, he pullet out a black, glittering thong and threw it at Optimus, who caught it by reflex before staring longly at what had been given to him.

"What...?" he started to ask, puzzled.

Sentinel gave him a look. "A thong. It's supposed to cover your interface components."

"But it's... very small!" Optimus said, amazed and weirded out.

"Well, yeah," Sentinel said, shrugging. "But put it on anyway. Go on," he insisted. "You want help?" he asked, remembering his first experience with the damn thing.

"No... no, I think I'll manage," the other mech said, optics warily watching the piece of fabric. Sentinel shrugged and let Optimus put on the thong with dispassionated optics. Thankfully, he didn't need help, having gathered quickly how he was supposed to wear the triangular bit of fabric.

"Now, open your panel," Sentinel commanded.

"WHAT?" Optimus cried. "No way!"

"Yes, way," Sentinel grunted. "Trust me, the sooner you do, the sooner we can join Ultra Magnus and the sooner it'll be over. Worried I see your bits? I'll remind you I did before, in the Academy. And if it has escaped you, I'm going to see them again anyway. You do realize why he asked you to put on some lingerie, right?"

"... Have you been doing that since long? Interfacing with those things on, I mean?" the Prime asked him, amazed and wary.

Sentinel shrugged. "A while. You get used to it. Now, come along; no point in delaying the inevitable," he said trying to get out of the cabinet.

"... I'm afraid," Optimus confessed even as he moved to join Sentinel.

The Minor sighed. "Oh, don't be. He's gentle. Kinky like the Pit, but gentle." Which was the one saving grace of the Magnus in his optics. You hardly ever felt unfulfilled once he was over with you... though you might not have wanted to be filled in the first place. "The worse that can happen is him being so enamored he'll want to repeat the experience again."

"If you say so," Optimus said dubiously.

Both went back to the office and stood at attention in front of the desk. Ultra eyed them both with a hungry look. Beautiful, the both of them. The white of Sentinel's garter-belt and stockings was stricking against the black of Optimus's bodystocking. And the little thong he wore was very, very enticing. The Magnus just couldn't wait to see what was hidden underneath.

Too bad he wouldn't be able to have them both the way he wanted them right away. But in the meantime, he would have lot of pleasure watching them interfacing with each other.

Both stood at attention awaiting his orders. Such disciplined mechs. He smirked.

"Now, how about a little show?" the Magnus asked them expectedly, rubbing his hands with a wide grin. "I would really like to see the two of you kiss."

Optimus startled. Sentinel barely refrained himself from sighing. Of course he wanted them to make out in front of him. Why else would he have purposely dragged Optimus in otherwise? And if he knew the old lecheer well... "Oh, but Sir, wouldn't you want us to come and sit on your laps, so you can also join in?"

The Magnus' optics widened in exaggerated wonder. "Why, Sentinel, I hadn't though about it. But it does sound very pleasant indeed. Would you both come here, please?" he said as he parted his legs wide, letting them have a good look at his fully pressurized spike.

Sentinel heard Optimus gulp nervously even as he grabbed the Prime's hand and dragged him forward.

At least, he tried to cheer himself up, he wouldn't be the only one getting fragged this time.

END

End Notes

Want a look at what Sentinel is wearing?

The thong chosen by Sentinel (just gold instead of black):

http://weheartit.com/entry/51035751?pgx=stemmed_tag_page

The bustier: <http://www.shopmod.fr/corset-bustier/73-corset-bustier-en-jacquart-0000000000073.html>

The garters (imagine them in gold):

http://www.artfire.com/ext/shop/product_view/DesignsbyKKLForever/5582839/snowflake_wedding_

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